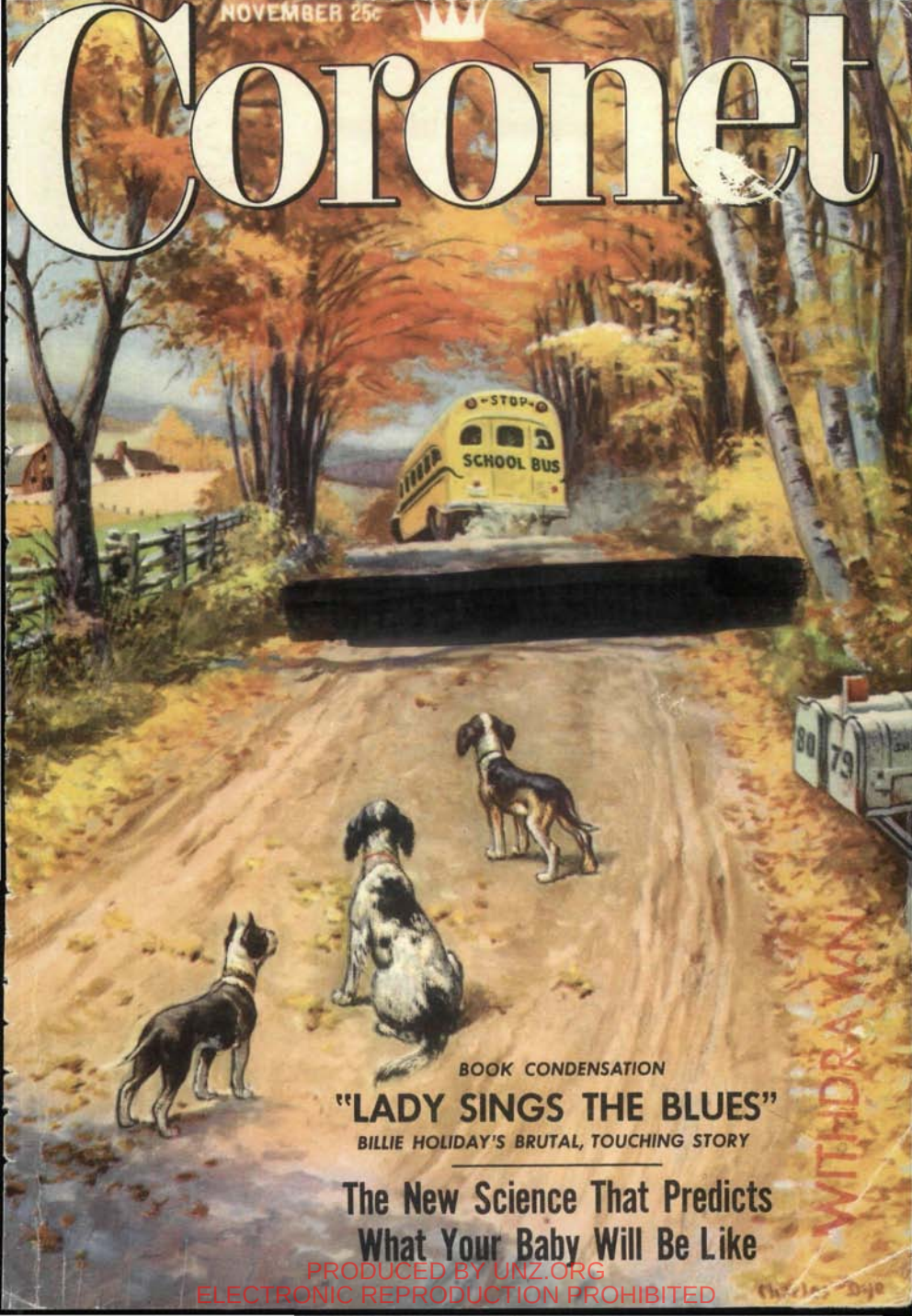


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only $1 a week...

buys a new Remington *Quiet-riter*

This young lady's pleased as Punch. And rightly so! She has a brand new Remington Quiet-riter Portable Typewriter, and she's paying for it herself . . . costs less than 15¢ a day!

Ask your Remington Dealer about these low terms. While there, test type the new Quiet-riter. See how it makes your writing neater, clearer . . . makes it *easier to read* and *easier to write!*

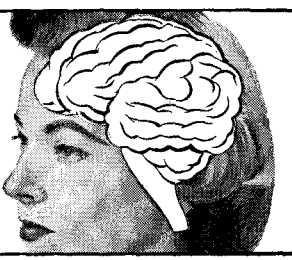
Exclusive Quiet-riter Features: Miracle Tab, Super-strength Frame, Larger-size Cylinder! Plus Simplified Ribbon Changer, 44-key keyboard, carrying case. Quiet-riter colors: Desert Sage, White Sand, Mist Green, French Gray.

Remington Rand DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES

Also goes to work instantly to relieve pains of Neuritis, Neuralgia, Normal Periodic Pain and Distress of Colds.



Get faster relief with

STRONGER YET SAFER ANACIN®

Anacin not only gives *stronger, faster* but also *safer* relief from pain. Anacin Tablets can not upset the stomach. They contain no narcotics or habit-forming *ingredients.* Despite their great strength, you can take Anacin Tablets as directed as often as needed without the slightest harm.

You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not *just one* but a *combination of medically* proven, active ingredients.

The highest medical authorities in the nation declare that the Anacin way—a formula combining smaller quantities of a *number* of highly effective pain relievers—gives faster, *more effective* and safer relief than a large dose of one *single* drug. This is one of the first fundamentals of medicine taught in all schools of medicine and dentistry. Just ask your own physician or dentist if this isn't true.

So whenever stronger yet safer medication is needed—you can depend upon Anacin. Remember—no single drug can give you the same strong safe relief of Anacin's combination of powerful pain relievers. Buy Anacin Tablets today.

If pain persists—see your doctor.

Highest medical authorities have established beyond a shadow of a *doubt that Anacin's combination of* potent pain relievers acts smoother and more efficiently than any *single* drug.

Can not upset Your Stomach!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free...

OF THESE SUPERB HIGH-FIDELITY 12" COLUMBIA LP RECORDS

If you join the Columbia LP Record Club now—
and agree to accept as few as 4 selections
during the coming 12 months.

Yes! You may have, FREE, your choice of ANY THREE of these wonderful, high-fidelity, best-selling 12" Columbia LP records. We make this unique offer to introduce you to the money-saving program of the Columbia LP Record Club . . . a program that selects for you each month the greatest works in every field of music—performed by the world's finest artists and brilliantly reproduced on high-fidelity Columbia LP records.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

To enjoy the benefits of this program—fill in and mail the coupon, indicating which of the four Club divisions best suits your musical taste: Classical; Jazz; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies.

Each month you will receive free the informative Club Magazine which describes the current selections in all four divisions. You may accept or reject the monthly selection for your division. You may also take records from other Club divisions. This unique advantage assures you of the widest possible choice of recorded entertainment. Or you may tell us to send you NO record in any month. Your only obligation is to accept as few as four selections from the almost 100 to be offered during the next 12 months, and you may cancel membership any time thereafter. The records you want are mailed and billed to you at only $3.98 plus a small mailing charge.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY

The 3 records sent to you now represent an "advance" of the Club's bonus system—given to you at once. After fulfilling your obligation by purchasing 4 records, you receive an additional free Bonus record of your choice for every two additional Club selections you accept. Bonus records are superb 12" Columbia LP records—the very best of the world-famous Columbia LP catalog—just like those shown here. Because you are given a Columbia LP record free for each two records you purchase, membership provides the best buy in records—anywhere.

Mail the coupon—indicating which 3 records you want free, and the division you prefer. You must be delighted with membership or you may cancel by returning the free records within 10 days.

COLUMBIA LP RECORD CLUB, 165 West 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Any 3

Only The Columbia (lp) Record Club Can Make This Unprecedented Offer

® "Columbia", (lp), ℗ Marcas Reg.

MAIL ENTIRE COUPON NOW!

COLUMBIA (lp) RECORD CLUB, Dept. 394
165 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send me as my FREE gift the 3 records indicated here. (Select the records you want by checking 3 boxes in the list at the right) . . . and enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)

- ☐ **Classical**
- ☐ **Listening and Dancing**
- ☐ **Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies**
- ☐ **Jazz**

Each month you will send me the Columbia (lp) Record Club Magazine which describes the records offered in all four Club divisions. I have the privilege of accepting the monthly selection in the division checked above, or any other selection described, or none at all. My only obligation is to accept a minimum of four records in the next 12 months at the regular list price plus a small mailing charge. After accepting 4 records, I will receive a free Bonus record for every two additional records I purchase. If not delighted with membership, I may cancel within 10 days by returning all records.

☐ **Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker Suite; The Sleeping Beauty Ballet** Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, cond.

☐ **The Voice** Frank Sinatra in 12 songs that first made him famous — *Lover, Fools Rush In,* etc.

☐ **King of Swing: Vol. I** Benny Goodman and Original Orch., Trio Quartet. *Riding High, Moonglow*—9 more.

☐ **My Fair Lady** Percy Faith and his Orchestra play music from this hit show.

☐ **Brahms: Double Concerto; Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Tragic Overture** Stern, violin; Rose, 'cello; N. Y. Philharmonic, Walter, cond.

☐ **Songs from Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom** 12 happy songs from famous Disney films.

☐ **Jazz: Red Hot & Cool** Dave Brubeck Quartet in *Love Walked In, The Duke*—5 more.

☐ **Levant Plays Gershwin** 3 works—Rhapsody In Blue; Concerto in F; An American in Paris.

☐ **Saturday Night Mood** Dance music by 12 bands—Jimmy Dorsey, Sammy Kaye, etc.

☐ **Ports of Call** Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy, conductor. 6 popular works—*Bolero, Espana, Pavane, Escales,* etc.

☐ ***Music of Jerome Kern*** Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play 20 Kern favorites.

☐ **Ambassador Satch** European Concert Recordings by the great Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars.

If you wish to have this membership credited to an established Columbia Records dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, please fill in the following information:

Name .....
(Please Print)
Address .....
City ..... **Zone**.... **State**.....

CANADA: Prices slightly higher, Address 11-13 Soho St., Toronto 2B

Dealer's Name .....
Dealer's Address 35

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Perfect Service !

In homes the world over, people know they can depend on Black & White Scotch Whisky for perfect service. Its quality and character never change!

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dear Reader:

This month marks CORONET's 20th anniversary. And much of what our magazine stands for is summed up—perhaps better than we could do it ourselves—in this quotation from a letter by Mrs. Otto Quintel, of Flint, Michigan: "*. . . your article was a candle lighting the way to a new and better life.*"

Her letter referred to "A New Operation That May Defeat Parkinson's Disease," which we published last May. Written by William Peters, the article told the factual, yet drama-packed story of how Dr. Irving S. Cooper, a young New York neurosurgeon, had severed a particular brain artery while operating on a victim of Parkinson's Disease, then tied it off. What resulted became medical history. The patient improved remarkably. The rigid limbs, the uncontrollable tremors that characterize Parkinsonism—hitherto considered hopeless—were almost entirely relieved. Later this surgery and another more highly developed operation (chemopallidectomy) achieved similar results in several hundred other cases. After CORONET—the first national magazine to publish the story—hit the newsstands, an average of 50 letters a day began pouring into our offices from all over America and several foreign countries, asking for information. CORONET forwarded more than 2,000 of these letters to Dr. Cooper. For many sufferers they proved to be passports to new health and happiness.

Mrs. Quintel's letter told how her husband, Otto, a General Motors employee for 37 years, had been forced to retire because his hands stiffened and shook so badly he couldn't work. She wrote:

"Because of my husband's illness the outlook was very limited around our home. Then came May and CORONET. I read the article three times silently. Then I read it to Otto. The seed of hope had begun to germinate. Our doctor told us that Otto had everything to gain and nothing to lose by going to New York. So after discussing it with our three grown children and praying with the minister of our beloved Lutheran Church, we arranged to see Dr. Cooper.

"I was plain scared about coming to New

The reader—Otto Quintel

CORONET is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Postmaster:** Send Form 3579 to CORONET, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colo. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

(*Continued on page 6*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from page 5*)

The writer—William Peters

York. I had never been there and the fact that Otto was so helpless—he had to travel in a wheel chair—made matters that much worse. But again the Lutheran Church came to our aid. I phoned Pastor Weber's residence, since he is pastor of the St. Pauls Evangelical Lutheran Church of Tremont, in the Bronx, New York—a member of the same Synod to which we belong. His wife referred my need of a place to stay to their Deaconess, Miss Ruth Berg. She soon found a room for me with a couple in Westchester.

"In New York we met people who had read the article in CORONET. We met people who had brought their loved ones for treatment from Europe, South America, Canada and all over the U. S. Together we stood by while the operations were performed, became friends, laughed, prayed and wept together.

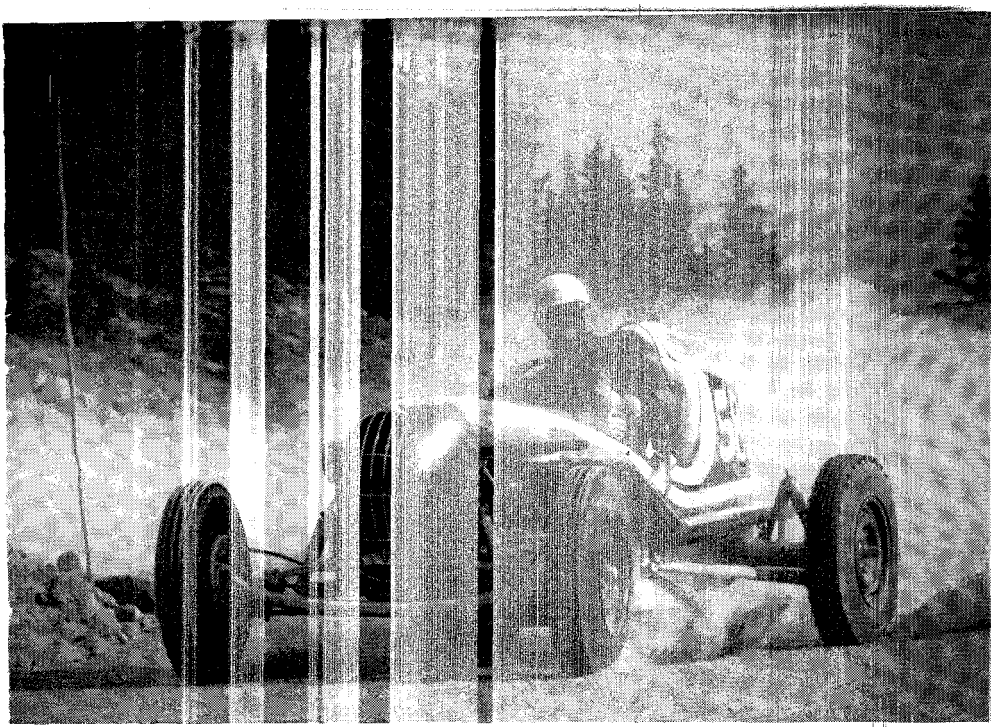
"Finally the day of the operation arrived. After Otto was wheeled to the operating room, I went downstairs and waited. Afterwards, I was amazed to see him roll over in bed unassisted. He sat up the second day by himself.

"When we boarded the Capital Airliner, Otto *walked* up the same ramp he had had to be wheeled down when we arrived. Then the biggest thrill of all came when we got home and he proudly strode across the threshold unaided. From that time on we began to live again."

Doctor Cooper, at the age of 34, is an Associate Professor of Neurosurgery at New York University-Bellevue Medical Center and head of the Department of Neurologic Surgery at St. Barnabas Hospital for Chronic Diseases, New York City. He lives with his wife and their three children in Pelham Manor, New York. He was interviewed for the CORONET article by William Peters, 35, a top-notch magazine writer and a past winner of the American Heart Association's Blakeslee Award for a dramatic article on heart surgery. For Peters, Mrs. Quintel's words, "*... your article was a candle lighting the way to a new and better life,*" are all the treatment a writer requires to prove that his craft is among the world's most worthwhile. For editors, they point up that wonderful instance of communication between editor and reader. In this instance these special words illuminate the 20th anniversary of our magazine.

The Editors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



More road horsepower for hill climb: Bob Unser sets a new record in 1956 Pikes Peak Hill-Climb Race in car powered with Jaguar engine and Champion spark plugs. Champions give him more power in his family car, too!

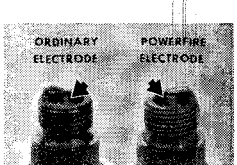
New Champion spark plugs can increase road horsepower by 24%!

Tests show new Champions can give you an immediate boost in road horsepower if you have driven about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change

Whatever make of car you drive, you'll be amazed at the difference in performance a set of new 5-rib Champions can give you.

That difference has been proved conclusively in tests by independent engineers. When they put new Champions in cars whose plugs had gone 10,000 miles or so, there was an *immediate* increase in road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels! *The average gain for all cars tested was 24%!*

There just never has been a spark plug to match these new 5-rib Champions! Replace your old plugs with new Champions today. You'll feel the difference *at once!*



Champion's new Powerfire electrode stands up! See how ordinary electrode burns away while Powerfire, after identical use, is still good for miles of powerful performance.

CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Truth About Meat

by JEANNETTE FRANK

Some facts you should know about the most important food you eat

MEAT is the most valuable protein food in the human diet. And, pound for pound, *lean* meat is even higher in the essential proteins necessary to maintain good health than meat that is fatty.

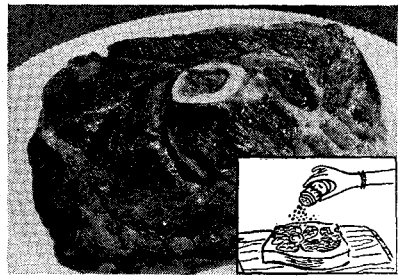
Fortunately for all of us, the leaner cuts and grades of meat are less expensive. True, they are also less tender, but thanks to Adolph's Meat Tenderizer this is no longer a problem. Adolph's is a pure food product that makes all meat more tender. Millions of housewives already use Adolph's every time they cook meat and more are learning to every day. Their families benefit not only by the money saved but because the meat they eat has more high-quality protein, more vitamins and more minerals.

Use Adolph's to be sure of tender steaks even when cut from chuck, flank or round and THEY CAN BE BROILED INSTEAD OF BRAISED! Inexpensive rolled shoulder and rump can actually be oven roasted uncovered when you follow the easy directions on Adolph's label.

Of course Adolph's insures tenderness when you braise meat, too. No matter how you cook meat, Adolph's makes it more tender and reduces shrinkage as much as 25%.

When you buy Adolph's Meat Tenderizer at your favorite food store, also ask for Adolph's new Meat Recipe Cards – they're free!

BEST BUY



half-price steak!

Take full advantage of today's plentiful supply of low-cost lean beef which is being featured at your favorite meat counter. It is especially nutritious and always tender when you follow the easy directions on Adolph's label.

low-cost roast beef dinner

- Cranberry Juice
- **Broiled Chuck Steak**
- *(guaranteed tender with Adolph's)*
- Rice Cheese Casserole
- Green Salad
- Honey French Dressing
- Apricot Cobbler

Adolph's is available, Seasoned and Non-Seasoned, at grocers everywhere.

ATTENTION SALT FREE DIETERS: Now you can enjoy tender nutritious meat, too!... Ask your grocer for Adolph's new dietetic *Low Sodium* Meat Tenderizer, Seasoned and Non-Seasoned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES M. MILNE LIBRARY
SUC AT ONEONTA, N. Y.

Publisher:
ARTHUR STEIN
Executive Director:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

Editor:
LEWIS W. GILLENSON

Managing Editor:
BERNARD L. GLASER

Senior Editors:
GEROLD FRANK
BEN MERSON
BEN NELSON
JAMES A. SKARDON

Art Editor:
AUGUSTINO PENNETTO

Associate Editors:
ALLYN BAUM
PHILIP DOYLE
MARK S. NICHOLS
HANNAH RABINOWITZ

Assistant Editors:
PATRICIA GATELY
SALLY B. SANDLER
ANNE SCHOTT
JOAN TAYLOR

Production Director:
GUS BERKES

Production Manager:
BRENDAN WOOD

Production Associate:
ELIZABETH ROBINSON

John Smart, President; A. L. Blinder, Executive Vice-Pres.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Jack Abrahan, Vice-Pres. for Films; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-Pres.; Joseph M. Arnstein, Vice-Pres. for Circulation; Dan E. Provost, Vice-Pres. for the Esquire Club; Lester Petchaft, Treas.; A. D. Elden, Sec.; Edgar G. Richards, Vice-Pres. General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Subscription Offices, Boulder, Colorado. Editorial, Advertising & Production Offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and artwork should be sent to Coronet, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. Copyright 1956 by Esquire, Inc. Copyright under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Inter-American Copyright Convention. Title registered U. S. Pat. Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited. Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, thirty days before change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. When writing in, please enclose your mailing label which gives all necessary information.

Coronet

Contents for November, 1956 Vol. 41, No. 1, WHOLE No. 241

Articles

The Olympic Foolishness-Fever.....KEITH MONROE 27
"I Bought a Man for $50"
LEDIA STROTHER AS TOLD TO ANDREW HAMILTON 34
Death Saw the Stop Sign
K. MC FAUN AS TOLD TO G. RIEMER 39
Living It up—on the Installment Plan.....H. MEHLING 52
The Personal Religion of Arthur J. Brown..D. PAONESSA 57
Arizona: America's New Mecca.....JOSEPH STOCKER 61
Wichita: Where the Symphony Is a Public Utility
PHIL DESSAUER 88
A Stunning Explanation of the Jack the Ripper Riddle
RICHARD G. HUBLER 100
Africa's Ugly Prima Donna.....REED MILLARD 107
The Strange James Dean Death Cult..HERBERT MITGANG 110
Small Businesses *You* Can Start—on a Shoestring
BERNARD GEIS 123
To Grandfather's House.....K. N. HARDIN 128
She Predicts What Your Baby Will Be Like...A. FROMER 131
A Doctor Reports on the Effects of Diet on Fertility, Potency, Personality.....WILLIAM KAUFMAN, M.D. 136
Are We Junking Our Mature Brains?...SAM CROWTHER 142
They Called It Justice.....WILL BERNARD 162

Pictorial Features

Audrey Hepburn Goes Back to the Bar
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SEYMOUR. TEXT BY MARK NICHOLS 44
3 Came Back..... 92
Tension at the Track.....PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II, TEXT BY JAMES A. SKARDON 116

Service Features

Products on Parade.....CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS 18
Coronet Family Shopper..... 149
Coronet Shopping Guide..... 157
Coronet School and College Directory..... 161

Departments

Dear Reader..... 5
Grown-Up Baby Doll.....MOVIES 10
You 14
Grin and Share It.....HUMOR 32
Sharpen Your Word Sense.....ROGER B. GOODMAN 43
What U and I Can Do.....A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 67
Political Palaver.....HUMOR 87
Human Comedy.....HUMOR 91
Silver Linings..... 148
Along Main Street.....HUMOR 152

237925

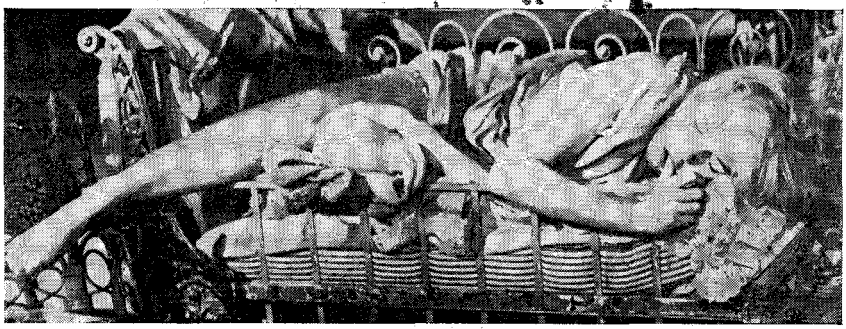
Book Condensation

Lady Sings the Blues...BILLIE HOLIDAY WITH WM. DUFTY 68

Cover

Painting.....CHARLES DYE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Grown-up Baby Doll

DIRECTOR ELIA KAZAN earned his reputation for off-beat, dynamic pictures with *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *East of Eden*, and *On the Waterfront* in which Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint and James Dean achieved stardom. Into moviegoers' laps Kazan now bounces a blonde bombshell named Carroll Baker (*above*), star of his production, *Baby Doll* (*Warner Bros.*).

Tennessee Williams' screenplay tells the story of an overprotected, immature girl who sleeps in a crib, sucks her thumb and refuses to consummate an unwanted marriage. As this Southern child-bride, delicate-featured Carroll Baker equals the intense portrayal of James Dean in *East of Eden*.

Although Pennsylvania-born (in 1932), Carroll knows Southern belles. She attended junior college in St. Petersburg, Florida, then quit to tour Dixie as a dancer. Moving to New York in 1952, she discovered dancers were a dime-a-dozen and switched to acting. But she flunked her first audition at the Actors Studio, co-founded by Kazan. A young director, Jack Garfein ("Every time I went there, he was around") suggested private lessons with Lee Strasberg of the Studio. This training led to TV and Broadway jobs—and movie offers. But Carroll insisted on seeing scripts because "I didn't want to do just anything."

Holding out proved lucky. Two days after she wed Garfein in April, 1955, Warners sent Carroll Edna Ferber's script for *Giant*, and her honeymoon was spent playing Rock Hudson's daughter, directed by George Stevens. After *Giant* (*see below*), Carroll auditioned again, and was accepted at Actors Studio. At her first class, Kazan asked her to read for *Baby Doll*.

Carroll expects a baby herself in December. Domesticity has put her in a stew over recipes. "I'm a terrible cook," she says. "My mother is, too."

Also Recommended This Month:

GIANT (*Warner Bros.*), Edna Ferber's best seller, bears the quality stamp of Producer-Director George (*Shane*) Stevens in the performances of Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, the late James Dean and newcomer Carroll Baker.

FRIENDLY PERSUASION (*Allied Artists*) is Academy Award caliber in photography, acting (Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire) and William Wyler's deft direction. This gentle tale of an Indiana Quaker farm family in war is told with touching humor.

—MARK NICHOLS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lawrence Welk at the Hammond Chord Organ, and band rehearsing show for the Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation (Saturday, 9 P.M.—Monday, 9:30 P.M.—E.S.T.—ABC-TV).

Lawrence Welk says:

"... a professional instrument that anyone can play ... without lessons!"

"Some of our most-requested orchestra arrangements are built around our Hammond Chord Organ. My arrangers say it'll do anything they demand of it and a lot more. In fact, it's almost a whole orchestra all by itself!"

So easy you can play good music with just two fingers. Like this:

1. ONE FINGER of your right hand plays the melody on the keyboard.

2. ONE FINGER of your left hand touches a button to play a full, rich chord.

Yes, at last an organ that you can play and enjoy the very first time you try. No lessons ... you teach *yourself* to play! No practicing ... you learn by *playing* the kind of music you like!

You start having fun the very first time you try the Hammond Chord Organ.

The finest Christmas gift ... See your Hammond Dealer now. He can deliver a Hammond Chord Organ for Christmas.

Hammond Chord Organ

Hammond Organ Company
4203 W. Diversey Ave., Chicago 39, Illinois
Without obligation, send me complete information on the Hammond Chord Organ.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

© 1956, HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY 11

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Way to Reduce

BY LOIS CRISTY

Women who are reducing can now speed up their results an unusual new way.

This method removes excess fat with an unusual new kind of diet.

This new diet permits eating of almost all the usual foods. Dangerous drugs are not used.

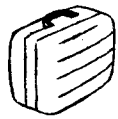
Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

Reducing results are greatly increased by combining this new diet with a small device that tightens muscles. This tightening, during weight loss, gives phenomenal results.

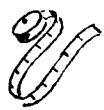
The small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercises" without making the user tired. No effort is required; she simply places small circular pads or "Beauty Belts" over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen and other parts of her body, turns a dial . . . and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests . . . *at home.*

The tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused when weight is lost.

A "Facial" attachment gives tightening, lifting exercise to the muscles under the eyes and chin; a special "Back Pad" exercises the shoulder and back muscles that aid proper erect posture. "Beauty Pads" are also used for tightening, firming and lifting exercise of the *muscles* of the chest and beneath bust.



The small exerciser looks very much like a miniature makeup case; measures 11″ x 9″ x 6″ and weighs less than 9 pounds. This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use of the machine . . . even less after the first month . . . and it is used while the user rests, reads or watches T.V.; she may even sleep. The machine reduces inches, not pounds; the new diet removes the weight.



The device is completely safe and because of the lack of effort the user gets the full benefits of active exercise—without any feeling of tiredness. Yet, the results are as beneficial for reducing as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises".

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home by expertly trained women representatives.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted "test cases" on hundreds of women. Their reports indicate the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from thighs in three months." A Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26"." She says that she did not use the diet. Mrs. Marie Rizzi of the same city reports a loss of 5 inches from her hips. Mary A. Moriarty, of New Bedford, in one month lost 3 inches around her waist and hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18. Perhaps the most unusual results were enjoyed by Martha Adams and her sister-in-law, Maxine Frankland of Chicago. Each used the machine for a total of 3 hours. One reports 4" off abdomen and 3" off hips; the other 2½" from abdomen and 3" from hips. The makers of the little machine are quick to add that such results are not to be expected by everyone. Mrs. E. D. Serdahl (a "test case") used the machine for from 4 to 8 hours a day for 9 consecutive days. These 48 hours resulted in the following reductions: Waist 2"; Hips 3"; Upper Abdomen 1"; Upper Thigh 2"; Knee 1½", Calf 1". She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue . . . In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine . . . whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" said "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" published 2 full pages about it. Other magazines giving it favorable mention were: Harper's Bazaar, Charm and Esquire.

Has Many Uses

The device not only aids in the new "speed-up" reducing method; it also has uses for the entire family. Husbands will, of course, use it to trim down their middle—and use to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a "day at the office." Son, if he's in high school, will use it to exercise his sore baseball throwing arm. Big sister will find it helpful in exercising her chest muscles. Even grandmother and that venerable oldtimer, grandfather, will use it to exercise back, leg and feet muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you either write or TELEPHONE Relax-A-cizor, Dept. CT-10: NEW YORK, MUrray Hill 8-4690, Suite 900, 655 Fifth Ave.; CHICAGO, STate 2-5680, Suite 1200, Stevens Bldg., 17 North State St.; DETROIT, WOodward 3-3311, 910 Michigan Bldg.; LOS ANGELES, OLeander 5-8000, 980 N. La Cienega; BOSTON, KEnmore 6-3030, 420 Boylston; PHILADELPHIA, LOcust 4-2566, Suite 1201, 1930 Chestnut St.; CLEVELAND, PRospect 1-2292, 1010 Euclid Ave.; SAN FRANCISCO, SUtter 1-2682, 420 Sutter St.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU

New disclosures on how to outwit your tricky memory—and why you hear as you do

LUCKY SEVEN: There's a built-in barrier in your memory that makes it difficult for you to remember more than seven items on a list. This factor, discovered by Dr. George A. Miller, Harvard psychologist, may account for the popularity of the number seven in human affairs, as in the seven days of the week and the seven wonders of the world. When storing facts away in your mind, says Dr. Miller, break them down into groups in which there are no more than seven items each. When you visit the supermarket, for instance, categorize your intended purchases into seven groups—such as dairy products, meats, fresh fruits and vegetables, frozen foods, canned foods, baked goods and cereals, housekeeping needs. According to Dr. Miller you should be able to remember easily as many as seven items under each of the seven headings.

HEARING BY THE CLOCK: How good is your hearing? It depends on the time of day. That's the surprising conclusion arrived at by experts of the American Hearing Aid Society, after conducting numerous tests. If you're like most people, they say, your hearing will be at its keenest around 7 A.M., at its dullest at 1 P.M. After a meal, or following a good amount of heavy exercise, your hearing efficiency always declines. Light exercise, however, actually sharpens the sensitivity of your ears.

BABY TALK: In almost every language in the world a baby calls "ma-ma" when he wants his mother; "da-da," or something like it, when he wants his father. This universal use of the same terms, says Dr. Arthur Parmelee, UCLA linguist, proves that infants coined these words themselves, as natural sounds they can easily make.

(Continued on page 16)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Zenith alone can offer this superb quality hearing aid

All the quality and performance which have made Zenith the world's largest-selling hearing aid are now yours in the new "50-X" for just $50 complete! Only Zenith's 37 years of experience, its vast engineering facilities, and its great Crusade to Lower the Cost of Hearing, make this possible.

The Zenith "50-X" offers a combination of "hear-better" features found in no competitive hearing aid, even those priced at $250 to $300. Four transistors. Sensitivity and Volume Controls. "Float-mounted" Permaphone.® Noise-limiting case. Operates for about 10¢ a week!

Price includes Ten-Day Money-Back Guarantee, One-Year Warranty, Five-Year Service Plan. Find the nearest Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer in your classified phone book. Or mail coupon below for dealer list.

***FREE!** One-year subscription to "Better Hearing," new magazine about hearing problems.*

ZENITH®
QUALITY
HEARING AIDS

By the Makers of World-Famous Zenith TV, Radios and Amazing "Space Command" TV Tuner

Zenith Radio Corporation
Hearing Aid Division, Dept. 56Y
5801 Dickens Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.

Please mail facts on new Zenith models. Also free subscription to "Better Hearing."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State** .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU

Ma-ma, maturity and mannerisms

(*Continued from page 14*)

It's also a sign that mother is the one the baby depends on for care, since slight distress among infants is often expressed in nasal m-ma-ma-ma-m sounds to which the mother responds. When playing, as a baby often does with father, he indicates his pleasure by da-da-da sounds. So getting the attention of his parents is not dependent on a baby's learning his parents' language; it's the other way around. Actually, it's the parents who learn baby talk.

EASY-GOING ELDERS: Most people believe that as you grow older your personality changes for the worse—you get more set in your ways, harder to get along with. Not so, announces Dr. Josef Brozek of the University of Minnesota, who has been making a study of the personality changes brought about by old age. True, you'll be more emotional about some things as you grow older, perhaps more touchy about criticism; but in general, he reports happily, you'll be easier, not harder, to get along with. You will be more willing to accept the foibles of other people, and you will be less likely to get into a quarrel with your friends. You'll even manage to get along better with your immediate family and your relatives.

BODY ENGLISH: If you rub your nose when somebody tells you something surprising it might be because your nose itches but it's much more likely to be a sign that you don't believe a word the big windbag is telling you. Who says so? Dr. Ray L. Birdwhistell of the University of Louisville, who has up and created a new science he calls kinesics, short for saying that your gestures give you away. His idea is that with gestures you are actually speaking a sort of second language which provides a more accurate index to what you're really thinking than do the words you use. If you cross your legs and swing your foot, for example, it means you wish you weren't there. You've taken a psychological walk. When a woman nonchalantly crosses her legs and swings her foot in a **circle,** the good doctor claims, she's thinking about a man.

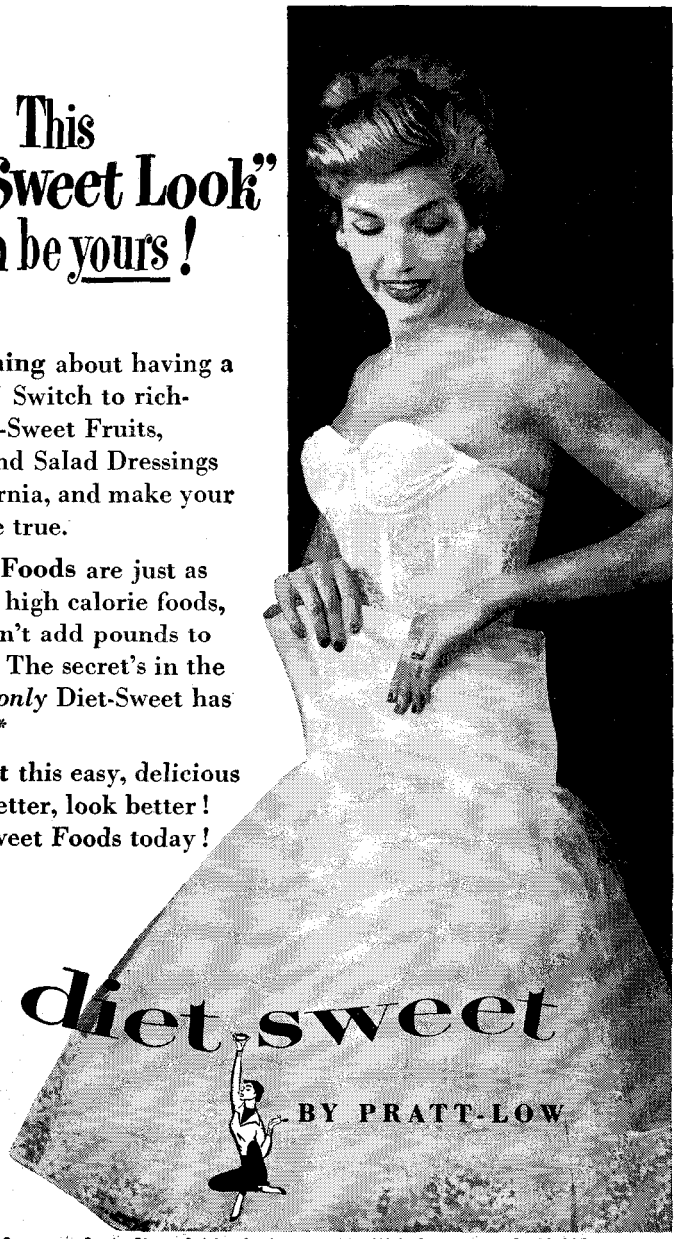
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This "Diet Sweet Look" can be yours!

Stop dreaming about having a slim figure! Switch to rich-tasting Diet-Sweet Fruits, Preserves and Salad Dressings from California, and make your dream come true.

Diet-Sweet Foods are just as delicious as high calorie foods, but they don't add pounds to your figure. The secret's in the syrup, and *only* Diet-Sweet has the secret!*

Lose weight this easy, delicious way. Feel better, look better! Buy Diet-Sweet Foods today!

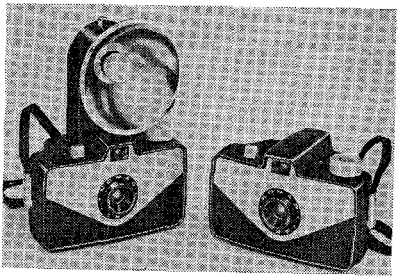


Pratt-Low Preserving Company, Santa Clara, California—Protected by *U.S. Patent Nos. 2,629,665, 2,653,105

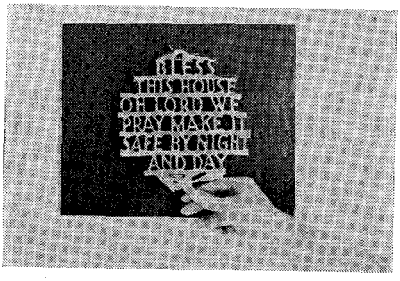
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

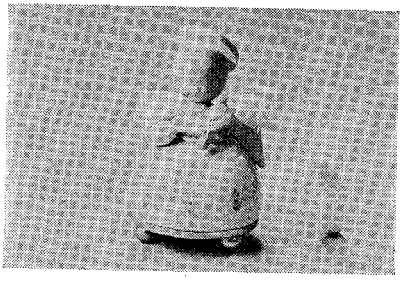
Products on Parade



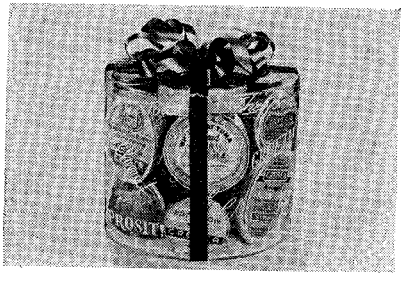
GIVE a novice photographer this easy-to-operate, foolproof Nomad camera. No shutter setting necessary. Subjects are in focus from 4'. Synchronized flash has plunger-type ejector. Nomad 127-$4.95, 620-$6.95; flash unit $2.50 FOB. Keystone Stationery Co., Photo Dept. C, 527 Market St., Camden, N.J.



ADORN the front door with this unique House Blessing knocker. States: "Bless this house, O Lord we pray, make it safe by night and day." Polished brass. 6½" by 8". Also available as trivet. Appropriate Christmas gift. Knocker $6.50, trivet $5.00, pp. Garret Thew Studios, Westport 92, Conn.



THIS LADY ANGEL conceals a Swiss music box beneath her voluminous skirt. Delicate rendition of Brahms' lullaby will delight the whole family. Wooden body is hand painted in pink or blue with matching ribbon threaded through her wings. $4.95 pp. Clarion Prod., Box 488 N, Highland Park, Ill.



SAY HAPPY HOLIDAY to a friend with this assortment of imported hors d'oeuvres. Clear plastic box contains red caviar, tuna spread, rolled anchovies, smoked oysters, pâté de foie, puree of shrimp, cherries, olives and cocktail biscuits. $5.50 pp. Berkshire Farms, Dept. C, Scarsdale, N. Y.

(*Continued on page 20*)

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON'T EVER SHAMPOO YOUR HAIR

without putting back the life shampooing takes out.

Restore life, luster, manageability instantly!

If you hate to shampoo your hair because it flies all over your head and looks terrible for days, why don't you do something about it? Why wait two or three days for the natural beauty oils to come back? Helene Curtis invented SUAVE Hairdressing to correct this very problem.

Now, instead of wild hair after shampoo, all you do is rub a little SUAVE over your palms and stroke through your hair. Then brush . . . *and look at the amazing difference!*

A miracle happens!

Suddenly your hair combs, sets and arranges like magic! It's manageable! No wild wisps! Dryness is gone! It's silky soft, bursting with highlights . . . with the prettiest, healthiest looking glow you ever saw!

And it *stays* wonderfully in place, without the slightest oily look or feel! That's the miracle of Helene Curtis' beauty discovery—*greaseless lanolin*—now in new SUAVE. Try it. See how it makes your hair soft, beautiful, radiant and manageable . . . in just 20 seconds after shampoo!

Choose the liquid or new creme SUAVE—whichever type you prefer.

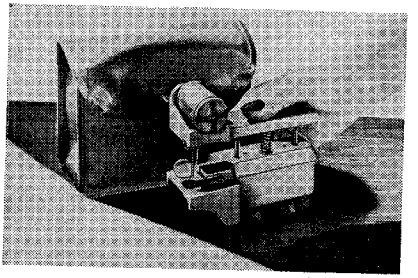
HELENE CURTIS
Suave®
HAIRDRESSING
& CONDITIONER

59¢ and $1
(*plus tax*)
Liquid or
New Creme

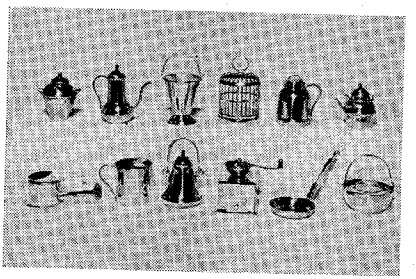
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

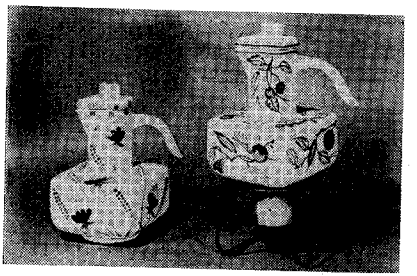
Products on Parade



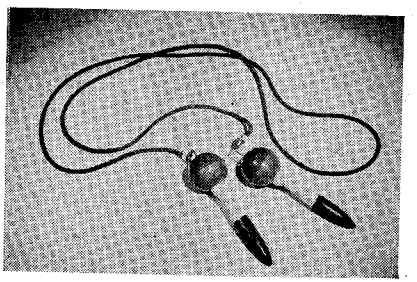
SMALL hand sewing machine bastes, hems, sews on buttons and makes button holes. Operates with light pressure of hand. Uses standard thread and machine needles. Permits sewing while garment is being worn. $5.43 pp. Dexter Div. of Grant Co., Dept. C, 2735 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago 14, Ill.



BRIGHTEN a knick-knack shelf with this set of copper and brass miniatures. 12 replicas of household objects make conversation pieces. 1-1½" high. Varying assortments include such items as coal scuttle and teapot. $2.98 set pp. Dresden Art Works, Dept. 10, 169 W. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.



HERE'S a 4-sided porcelain carafe for serving piping hot coffee or chocolate. Holds 3 cups. Has black iron warming stand with candle. White with green leaves and red cherries or golden flowers. 6¾" high. Complete, $2.20 ea.; $3.75 for 2, pp. Lee Wynne, 5446 Diamond St. C-R, Philadelphia 31, Pa.



SHE will have music whenever she jumps with this musical skip rope. (And we'll bet little brother will want to have a try too.) Self-contained music boxes are hidden in gay colored metal handles. Music plays when rope is in motion. $1.25 pp. Greenhall, Dept. C-11, 1133 B'way, N.Y. 10, N.Y.

(*Continued on page* 22)

For additional mail order products and services, see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 149.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now!

Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problem

Tested by doctors... proved in hospital clinics

1. *Antiseptic* **(Protective, germicidal)**
Safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula releases its antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract.* The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. *Deodorant* **(Protection from odor)**
Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. *Convenient* **(So easy to use)**
Norforms are small vaginal suppositories, so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or measuring. Greaseless . . . keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

Mail this coupon today

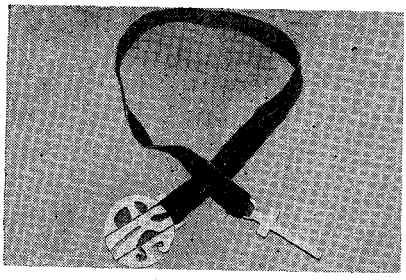
FREE *informative Norforms booklet*

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. CR-611
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

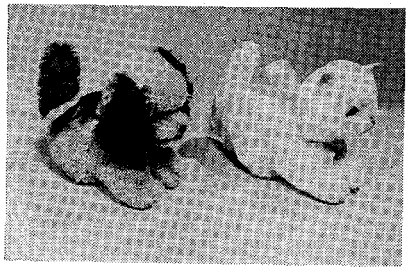
Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Street _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

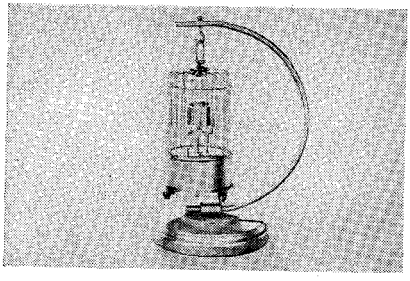
Products on Parade



STERLING SILVER book marker is a thoughtful gift for spiritually minded people. Black grosgrain ribbon connects 3-letter monogram to Cross or Star of David. Monogram measures 7/8". For Bible or prayer book. $5.50 pp. Holiday House, 911 Bellevue Theatre Bldg., Upper Montclair, N. J.



WIND the tails of these stuffed animals and watch them roll over and over to the accompaniment of a catchy tune. Music box is concealed beneath plush coat. 8" long. Dog is white and black or tan and brown. Cat is white, pink or blue. $5.45 ea. pp. Aimée Lee, Dept. I, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.



GILT BIRD CAGE is actually a novel clock. The tiny, colorful bird ticks off the seconds while dual rotating dial tells the time. 30-hour Swiss movement. Has alarm. Clock and stand are polished brass. Adaptable to any room decor. $12.30 pp. Alfred Dunhill, Dept. 10, 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

YOUR FRIENDS will know whom to thank when you seal Christmas packages with these personalized labels. Box of 100 in gold with red and green wreath border. Specify names and messages desired up to 6 lines per label. $1.00 pp. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 717 Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

For additional mail order products and services see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 149.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man from Ethiopia

His name has long since been forgotten, but what he did will never be forgotten. Here is the story of his discovery.

This nobleman travelled a thousand miles to worship God in Jerusalem, but as yet had not found the true way. In his chariot he was reading his Bible. Just then he met a Christian, Philip, who asked him if he understood what he read. As they sat together in the chariot Philip told the man of Jesus. He related all the facts of His life. He evidently told him how Christ's Church was established on Pentecost. On that day three thousand people believed in Jesus, repented or turned from their sins and were baptized into Christ for the forgiveness of their sins. (Acts 2:38, John 3:5)

Philip evidently taught the nobleman that he must do the same, because the Ethiopian interrupted with this question: "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?" The scriptures tell us what happened then.

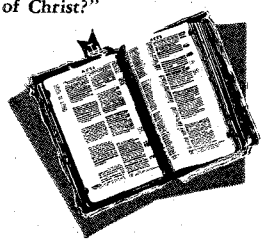
"And Philip said, 'If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest.' And he answered and said, 'I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.' And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more; and he went on his way rejoicing." (Acts 8:37—39)

Having *heard* of Jesus, this man *believed* in Christ as the Son of God, *gave his allegiance* in an outspoken *confession of faith* and was *born again* through the act of *baptism*.

Are you willing to follow this *wonderful* example of the man from Ethiopia? Here are five facts you need to face:

1. **Man is lost without Christ and cannot save himself. Romans 3:10, Jeremiah 10:23**
2. **Christ alone can save man. John 14:6**
3. **Christ died on the cross to make salvation available to all. Matthew 11:20, 30, 1st John 1:7**
4. **Man must believe in Christ as God's Son and obey the commands of Christ. Mark 16:15-16, Acts 22:16, "He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." Hebrews 5:9**
5. **You can be just an undenominational Christian like the Ethiopian.**

If you would like to know more about Jesus Christ and his Church or Kingdom, read your Bible, especially your New Testament. Let us all unite in Christ through the restoration of pure New Testament Christianity. Write for your free copy of the valuable booklet, "What Is The Church of Christ?"



GOSPEL PRESS
Supported by Individuals of the
CHURCH OF CHRIST

FREE—Mail Today

Please send me a free copy of the pamphlet "What Is The Church of Christ?"

GOSPEL PRESS
3816 Gaston Ave., Dallas, Texas

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

(ADVERTISEMENT)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR PERFECT PROTECTION FROM RAIN, SLEET OR SNOW!

NEW

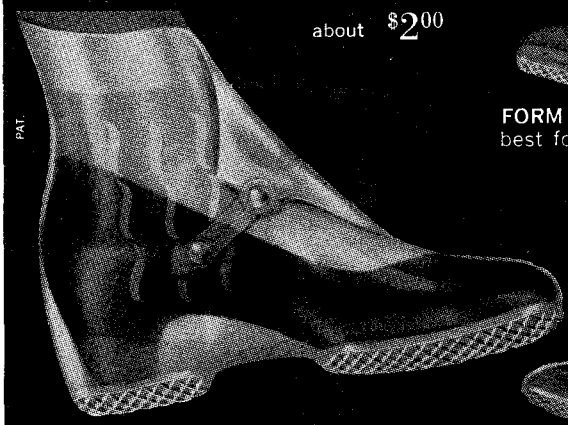
Rain Dears®

Smooth ankle and foot hugging **fit**
A proven **safe**, rugged, long wearing tread
A truly **clear** plastic rainboot

EXCLUSIVELY A PRODUCT OF THE LUCKY SALES CO., INC.

ALL 3 MODELS
come in **lefts** and **rights** and a full range of **sizes**
All have adjustable plastic fastener
Clear and smoke
about $2.00

FORM FIT . . .
best for MEDIUM height heels



UNIVERSAL FIT . . .
best for LOW heels (to flats)

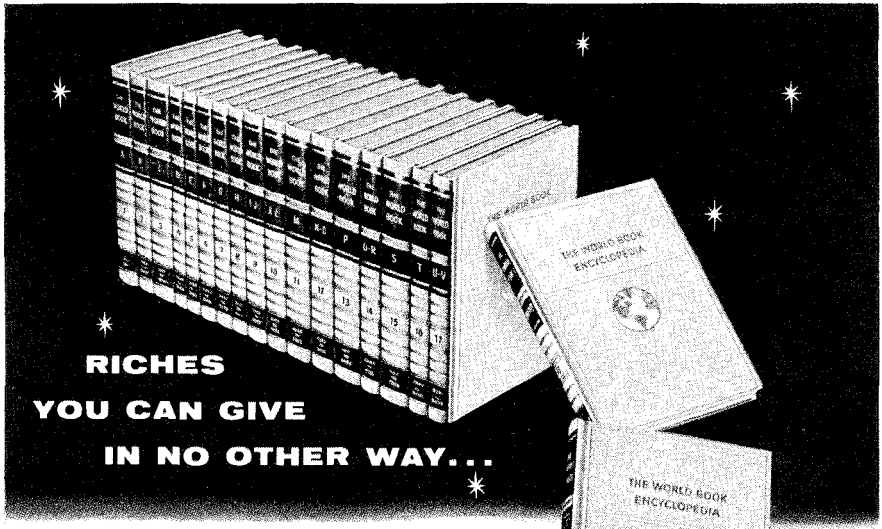
FASHION FIT . . .
best for HIGH heels

At Notion, Shoe and Rainwear Counters, **Everywhere**

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

LUCKY SALES CO., INC.
LOS ANGELES • NEW YORK • CHICAGO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GIVE World Book ENCYCLOPEDIA

Give your child the priceless gift of a successful future. To make your Christmas shopping easier, order World Book from your home.

1st in sales!

More people buy World Book than any other encyclopedia!

19 Volumes
Aristocrat Binding $169
$10 down, $6 a month
(In Canada $189)

MY ORDER FOR THE WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA C-11

Please send me one set of the World Book Encyclopedia. I am enclosing a check or money order for $10.00, and agree to pay the balance at the rate of $6.00 per month. I hereby certify that I am of legal age.

CHECK ONE

☐ **Please send the Ivory Aristocrat Binding. Price $169.00 plus tax and transportation.**

☐ **Please send the President Red Binding. Price $129.00 plus tax and transportation.**

(Each set $20 higher in Canada)

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division
Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois

SIGNATURE _____
(WRITE—DO NOT PRINT)

MAIL ADDRESS _____
STREET AND NUMBER

_____
CITY STATE (IN FULL) COUNTY

SHIP BOOKS TO

NAME MR. MRS. MISS _____
(PRINT CLEARLY)

_____
STREET AND NUMBER

_____
CITY STATE (IN FULL)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It was just another day... until the telephone rang!"

"It was Mother, calling from out of town. Just the sound of her voice made me feel wonderful. And we had such a good visit!"

Ever notice how much brighter an ordinary day becomes when you talk with someone special? Distance doesn't matter, because the telephone brings you close. Why not call right now? It's easy to do. And it costs so little.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Baltimore to Philadelphia	40¢
Cleveland to Pittsburgh	45¢
Buffalo to Detroit	65¢
Dallas to Kansas City	90¢
San Francisco to Salt Lake City	$1.05

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OLYMPIC FOOLISHNESS-FEVER

by KEITH MONROE

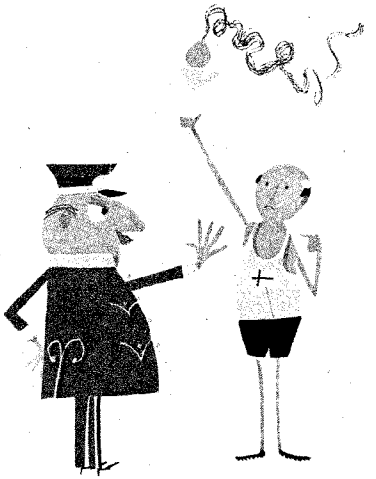
Nobody at the ancient games is immune—neither athletes, judges nor spectators. And when the virus strikes, it causes a rash of daffy behavior for which there's no antidote

FOR OVER a half century now, the finest athletes from many lands have gathered at designated intervals to celebrate the ancient Olympic Games. With their national honor at stake, tensions heighten, tempers grow short, and a strange madness seems to come over competitors, officials and spectators alike. And inexplicable things happen.

At Amsterdam, in 1928, the French track team arrived at the Olympic stadium for a practice session and was promptly stopped and told by the gatekeeper, "You cannot enter. You have no permit. Go away."

The French athletes shook the gate like maniacs—to no avail. From inside the stadium, Paul Méricamp, the general secretary of the French

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At Helsinki the gatekeepers refused to admit runner carrying ceremonial torch.

Athletic Federation, approached to investigate the disturbance.

"These are accredited athletes from France," Méricamp told the gatekeeper. "They are scheduled to practice in the stadium at this hour."

The gatekeeper shook his head. "No permit."

"Open the gate," said Méricamp, turning purple. "I order it."

The gatekeeper remained firm.

"Very well, I shall open it myself," said Méricamp, stepping forward. The gatekeeper thrust him back with a push that nearly sent him sprawling.

Late that night, after hours of apologizing and pleading, the host officials persuaded France to remain in the Games. The obnoxious gatekeeper would be fired forthwith, they promised.

Next day, in the Babel of foreign tongues and the crush of 75,000 spectators trying to jam into the stadium, there was more madness brewing. When the teams tried to line up outside for the opening parade, Finland's team got crowded out of line. It lost patience and climbed the fence instead.

As the still-sizzling French marched into the stadium, they spotted the gatekeeper, standing there, obviously still in authority. With a yell, the French broke ranks, rushed him and knocked him down. Police pulled them off before they did much damage, but they refused to rejoin the parade. Only after another night of apologies did they consent, once again, to remain in the Games.

Similar outbreaks of lunacy occur at every Olympiad, and the Games at Melbourne this November will probably prove no exception. The real ruckus should begin during the opening ceremonies. Someone always goes haywire then.

Consider the 1952 Games at Helsinki, Finland. In accordance with ancient tradition, the Olympic torch was lit in Athens and carried by relays of 15,000 runners to Helsinki. There the famous old champion, Paavo Nurmi, was to carry it into the stadium and light the great peristyle torch.

The teams paraded in brilliant national costumes, the stony-faced Russians wearing perfume strong enough to be noticed in the tenth row. The American team, as it passed the Finnish President standing at salute, saluted him right back by aiming cameras at him.

As the huge crowd in the jammed stadium sat wondering where Nurmi was, dignitaries in an official box

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

overheard talk behind them about "a crazy man in underwear outside the stadium, carrying a big torch and trying to get in. He won't go away. They've sent for police."

The dignitaries hurried to the gate. Sure enough, there stood a balding middle-aged man in a track suit. He carried a magnesium torch which he shook fiercely at the gatekeepers.

"Fools!" the officials bellowed. "This is Finland's greatest runner—Paavo Nurmi! Admit him at once!"

Staring as if they thought the dignitaries were demented, the gatekeepers replied firmly, "He has no ticket."

After a hot argument, the heads of Finland's Olympic Committee got Nurmi through the gate without a ticket. He sprinted into the Stadium with the flame from Mount Olympus and lit the peristyle torch.

Amid the thunder of a great mob, with loud-speakers blaring announcements in four languages, with arm-waving and argument on all sides, it isn't surprising that even a judge sometimes loses his judgment. At Paris, in 1900, a judge thought an American hurdler had run around a hurdle, and disqualified him. When the team screamed that the spike marks on the track proved he had stayed on course, the judge took refuge behind his 18-inch beard and stubbornly refused to look at the marks.

In London, in 1908, the famous brainstorm of the marathon judges occurred. The marathon started at Windsor Castle, 26 miles away, and the first runner to stagger into the stadium was little Dorando Pietri of Italy. To everyone's amazement, he turned in the wrong direction, then collapsed on the track.

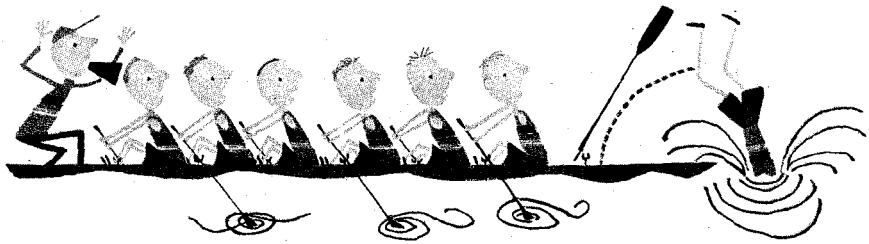
Voices in the crowd cried, "Help him up, there!" Others warned, "Don't touch him! Against the rules!" Confused British officials, uncertain what to do, gathered around the fallen Italian.

Then a rumor spread that C. Hefferon, a marathoner competing under the British flag, was rapidly nearing the stadium. Throughout the London Games there had been bitterness between the Americans and their British hosts. The Americans were rooting for anyone to beat the British. So now the Americans were loud in urging the judges to give the gallant Dorando a helping, or at least a guiding, hand toward the tape before Hefferon overtook him.

But then a great shout rose from the rim of the stadium. An American runner, not a British one, was coming up the road! Scenting victory, the U.S. spectators changed

An extra quarter-mile was added to race when official gave runners wrong signal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An oarsman jumped overboard during a race. Nobody, including himself, knew why.

their tune and roared, "Leave that man alone!"

This decided the British judges. Several of them helped poor little Pietri to his feet and turned him in the right direction. He stumbled a few steps, then fell again. He fell four times. Finally, with British officials supporting him, he was dragged over the finish line.

Just as this happened, the American, Johnny Hayes, trotted into the stadium, circled the track and crossed the line almost unnoticed in the tumult around the half-conscious Dorando.

The Italian flag was quickly hoisted to the top of the pole, with the Stars and Stripes under it, to signal that Dorando had won and that Hayes was second. Only after several hours of wild debate did the judges disqualify Dorando. Later, both runners turned professional and cashed in on the publicity with a marathon race at Madison Square Garden. Dorando won by 60 yards.

After 1908, judging was taken from the hands of the host nation and turned over to international committees. But at Los Angeles, in 1932, an official lost count of the laps in the 3000-meter steeplechase, and held up a numbered card which meant the athletes would run an extra lap. Notified of his error, he refused to change, so the panting athletes had to go an extra quarter-mile.

At London, in 1948, a bemused official plucked out the flag which marked where Bob Mathias' best discus throw landed. Judges searched desperately, continuing with flashlights after dark, until they found the tiny hole where the mark had been.

An American rugby team upset a highly-favored French team in the finals at Paris. This maddened everyone. An American rooter named Nelson had his head split open by a cane, and was tossed out of the grandstand to land across an iron picket fence.

Meanwhile, an American player, Dick Hyland (now a noted sports writer), got a cauliflower ear from a French player. Later Hyland hunted up the Frenchman in the locker room and knocked out his front teeth. A mob of 50,000 Parisians besieged Hyland, his teammates and the referees in the locker room. It took 500 gendarmes to get them to safety.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

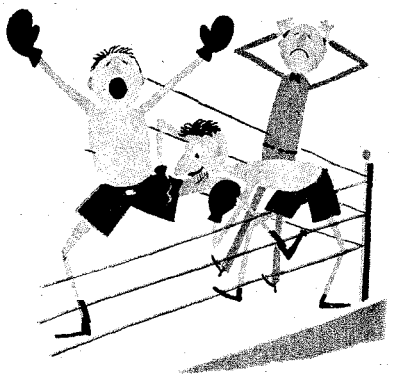
Only a notably cool-headed official averted a riot at Los Angeles. In the last lap of the 5000-meter race an American, Ralph Hill, moved wide to pass Lauri Lehtinen, the Finn who was leading. Lehtinen, too, swung wide and blocked him. Hill had to break stride and pull up. He switched and tried to pass on the inside. Lehtinen swerved again and hemmed him in. With 100,000 Americans booing and screaming, the two runners frantically lunged for the tape in a tangle of flying elbows.

Judges debated for a full hour before they gave out the name of the winner: Lehtinen. The great stadium shook with an angry roar as Lehtinen stepped up on the winner's stand. The Finn was tearful and apologetic. "I don't know what came over me," he said, trying to draw Hill up beside him. Hill kept his place on the second step. Spectators swarmed from the stands and headed for Lehtinen.

A quiet remark came over the loud-speaker from Bill Henry, the American announcer: "Remember, please, these people are our guests." It magically calmed everyone except a few officials who stormed up to the booth and demanded to make various comments over the loud-speaker—but Henry firmly held the mike away from them, and in a few moments everything was peaceful. Hill and Lehtinen dined together in perfect friendliness that evening.

It isn't surprising that an athlete is keyed up when he carries his nation's colors into Olympic competition. The memory of triumph or defeat will be with him for the rest of his life—and no wonder he sometimes gets overexcited.

At Antwerp, in 1920, an American athlete picked up a 16-pound shot and flung it at a teammate (luckily he missed); and an oarsman jumped out of his boat in mid-race. At Los Angeles, a boxer entered the ring nude beneath his bathrobe. At St. Louis, in 1904, the marathon runner who finished first was discovered to have hitchhiked part way in an auto. At Paris, a French boxer

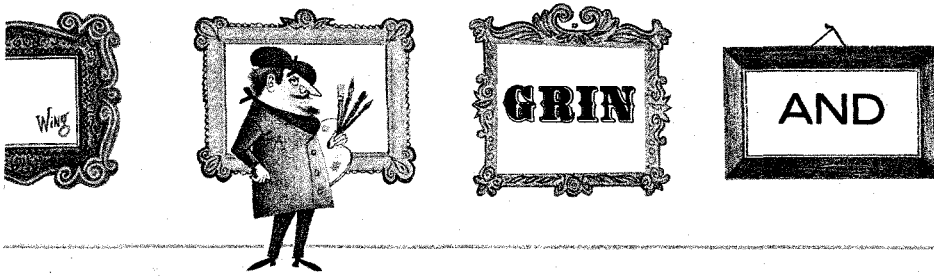


His appetite for battle led a French boxer to take a bite out of his foe.

bit his British opponent. (Later, a Paris paper asked if the Frenchman had suffered any ill effects.)

So it isn't surprising that Melbourne expects an epidemic of brainstorms. But as Bill Henry says, "The important thing about the Olympics is that in spite of the crazy incidents and quarrels — which are always magnified by world-wide publicity— in spite of everything that goes wrong, the friendships formed at Olympic Games often last for a lifetime."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TWO WOMEN were coming from an exhibit of abstract art. "I wouldn't have them in my house," said one decisively. "After all, I have a 16-year-old daughter. And with those abstract paintings, you never know whether they are decent or not." —*Revue* (*Quote* translation)

WAITING for my gas tank to be filled in a small town in the White Mountains, I said to the attendant, "There are a lot of pretty things to see around here."

"They shore is," he agreed. "From the spot you're standin' on you even could see the new shoppin' center if it wuzzent fur that danged mountain." —*Pen*

A YOUNG WOMAN was admiring an antique chair in her neighbor's home. "This is beautiful!" she said enthusiastically. "What is it—a Sheraton 1875, Hepplewhite 1732, or a Chippendale 1753?"

"It's none of those," replied the neighbor. "It's a Macy $14.93."

—*A.M.A. Journal*

AN AMERICAN ARMY GENERAL was first introduced to golf in Scotland, where his host took him out to the links for a demonstration. Placing a ball on the tee, the host stepped up and swung mightily. The club hit the turf and sent chunks of earth flying.

Again the host took a husky cut at the ball and again it did not budge.

The General commented: "There seems to be a fair amount of exercise in this game, but I fail to see the use of the ball." —*Wall Street Journal*

AN OLD FISHING CAPTAIN ran a little inn in the tranquil village of Wellfleet on Cape Cod and the Cape was feeling the pinch of bad times. A friend asked one day, "Captain, how is the hotel business?"

"Well," drawled the Captain, "I ain't never yit made enough to quit, an' I ain't never yit lost enough to quit. I hope to the Lord I do one or the other this season."

—EDWARD L. FRIEDMAN, *The Speechmaker's Complete Handbook* (Harper & Bros., N. Y.)

A TOURIST stopped at a service station in the Deep South as an old man in a very dilapidated Model T drove up to one of the pumps and called out, "Gimme a dollar's worth o' gas, Henry."

"Why don't you fill 'er up, Dave?" the attendant asked.

"Wa-a-al, Henry," he replied,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHARE IT

"I'm afraid she might not run that fur." —*Quote*

A MOTHER NOTICED that her older child wouldn't play with little Alice. "Dear, why aren't you and your friends nicer to Alice?" she asked.

Her daughter answered indignantly, "Because she's too young and just tags along—she ruins everything."

"Well, dear, let Alice play with you and please be more patient with her."

Later, the mother looked outside only to see Alice sitting alone. "Alice," she called, "aren't the girls playing with you?"

"Oh yes, Mama," Alice answered happily. "I'm the maid and it's my day off." —BLAIR MC ELROY

A SOCIALLY AMBITIOUS young woman made her husband's life miserable trying to get him to rent a more expensive apartment. One evening he came home in very good humor.

"Good news, dearest!" he cried. "We don't have to move. The landlord has raised the rent."

—*Serial Federal's Home Life*

AFTER much coaxing, an old country woman finally consented to spend a day with a daughter living in the city. It proved an ordeal from the beginning. Buses were packed, people stepped on her feet—and it poured down rain. Upon arriving home at last, her granddaughter asked her, "Did you have a good time?"

"Good time?" repeated the old woman wearily. "Lord bless you, child, I'm so glad I'm home that I'm glad I went."

—*Charley Jones' Laugh Book*

ONE housewife to another: Warren handles all the money in our family. I only handle the charge accounts." —*Wall Street Journal*

DURING HIS YOUNG reporter days, Heywood Broun was sent by his editor to interview a pompous senator. Aware that the paper was his severest critic, the senator received the journalist coldly.

"Young man," he said, "I have nothing to say."

"I know," replied Broun politely, "but I still would like to ask you a few questions, anyway, Senator."

—E. E. EDGAR

A TOURING Texan stopped at a Florida roadside market and upon seeing a watermelon, asked, "What's the price of this cantaloupe?"

The clerk looked at him and then at his license plate, and witheringly replied: "Take your finger off that olive." —*Flow Line*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A living skeleton with haunted eyes, the Russian D.P. regained faith in humanity—and himself—when a 57-year-old grandmother "adopted" him

"I Bought a Man for $50"

by LEDIA STROTHER
as told to ANDREW HAMILTON

VIKTOR SCHEGLOW was certainly no bargain that hot summer afternoon in 1951. A pitiful, 100-pound skeleton of a man in his late 40s — gray haired, not much over five feet tall. His baggy clothing reeked. His staring blue eyes held a terror-frozen look. But he clicked his rundown heels, bent at the waist and kissed my hand.

Viktor was one of 450,000 displaced persons who have entered the U.S. since the end of World War II. The son of a St. Petersburg doctor, he had been a teen-age officer in the Russian Imperial Army, a waiter in a Budapest club, a watch repairman in Germany, an ironer of fancy ladies' garments in France.

He had come to this country from a D.P. camp in Austria under a program sponsored by the National Association of the Churches of Christ in the U.S. His first few months were spent on an orange ranch near Santa Ana, California. But he was too frail for the heavy outdoor work, and his sponsors brought him to a Russian language class I was teaching at Santa Ana Junior College, and begged me to take him off their hands.

And so I bought a man—a total stranger—for $50 in legal fees and his transportation ticket from port of debarkation. Me—a 57-year-old grandmother living alone on a small income.

Why? Perhaps it was because this tiny, broken man reminded me of the Russia I had known before the 1917 Communist Revolution. But more likely it was the haunted look in his eyes that pleaded for help.

I took Viktor to my home in Newport Beach and showed him a sunny room over the garage. Excited as a child, he turned on the shower full blast, flushed the toilet, sat gingerly on the edge of an easy chair.

"This is the first time in years I have had a room to myself," he said, wonderingly.

The next step was to buy him overalls, blue work shirts, underwear, socks and handkerchiefs. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accepted them gravely—all except the handkerchiefs.

"I hope you will not be offended," he said, and quoted a Russian proverb I had long forgotten: "Gift handkerchiefs catch only tears."

Though lean as a lizard, Viktor ate sparingly of the stews and steaks, salads and pies I served him. He was polite but picky.

One day, it occurred to me that perhaps he would eat more if I prepared Russian food. Viktor smacked his thin lips and shoveled it in like a hungry boy at every meal. He didn't gain an ounce—but I put on 20 pounds!

As his strength returned, Viktor looked for chores around the house. Somewhere in his past he had worked as a gardener, and he had a magic touch with growing things. But he was convinced that flowers were a waste of valuable time and good soil. What we needed, he suggested, were vegetable seeds and young turkeys and chicks. Then he could raise our food.

Next day, I brought home a lug of onion sets. Viktor jigged with joy.

"Ah, onions!" he exclaimed. "I love them. They're so good for the stomach."

From then on, we were awash in onions. Viktor planted them in the front yard, in the back yard, in the flower beds, around the walnut trees.

I also bought some baby turkeys and chicks. He hammered together a poultry run, but as the little peepers became long-legged birds, they grew noisier and smellier. Finally, the neighbors complained and Viktor had to slaughter them for the deep freeze.

At first, Viktor's desire to learn English was razor-keen. I taught him, with the assistance of television which he watched by the hour. His progress was slow, but he did acquire a rare assortment of jive lingo from the comedy and musical programs—plastered over with a thick Russian accent.

Finally, I decided the time had come for him to get a regular job, for he must learn to cope with the world once again. I thought perhaps he could establish an antique furniture and clock-repairing business, using his room as headquarters. But when he ruined the finish on a couple of pieces of my own furniture, I realized that he was something of a Walter Mitty who often mixed fantasy with fact when recounting his former experiences.

I found him gardening jobs in the neighborhood, but he had fixed notions on how yard work should be done—which did not always coincide with the ideas of the owner.

As the alchemy of American con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vention and custom worked on him, his independence increased. "Mr. Niet," I began to call him. A polite, meek-mannered little man, his soft-but-firm "niet" (Russian for "no") revealed a will of steel that had helped him survive four decades of war, prison, poverty and D.P. camps.

The time had come, I realized, to push Viktor out of the nest. During his first months in the U.S., he had been desperately lonely, terrorized by the possibility of making a misstep and being deported. Then, in the two years he lived above my garage, life had been too easy for him, perhaps. What he needed was the opportunity of standing on his own feet.

I consulted Leo Kay, president of Humanity Calls, Inc., an organization that assists victims of communism. He agreed that Viktor should be able to make his own way now, that sheltering him further would only retard his rehabilitation.

It seemed a little like drowning a pet kitten, but I explained to Viktor why he must go to Los Angeles to look for a job. He argued against the move for a week. He gave in when I packed his clothes and put them in my car. We drove silently to the city and, as I left him, the terror that I had first seen in him was creeping back into his eyes.

He had a magic touch with growing things—but his favorite was the onion.

For several months I heard nothing and wondered whether I should ever see him again. Then one Saturday morning there he was at the door dressed in "Balboa Blues"—a sky-blue denim cloth popularly used to make yachtsmen's trousers and jackets—his grin as wide as the new moon.

"Look at me," he said in English. "I get job in hospital. Help doctors with surgery."

A flood of Russian filled in the details of how Viktor had found his niche in the Temple Hospital. He had started as a porter—but already had made something more of the job. Because of his boyhood training, when he assisted his doctor-father, he was trusted to keep the surgery clean, the instruments shining and sterile.

He lived in a one-room apartment 24 blocks from the hospital. To save carfare, he walked—rain, shine or smog. At night, when few people were on the streets, he took off his shoes and trudged barefooted to save leather.

The hospital paid him $32 a week to start and one meal, when he stuffed himself so that he could hardly move. He existed the rest of the day on a can of sardines, a box of crackers or a couple of hardboiled eggs. A cup of tea with lemon was a treat.

That job has been the making of Viktor. He has gradually lost his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fear of the world and his dependence on me.

In three years, he has saved more than $2,000 out of his slim salary and is turning over a retirement scheme in his mind. Because he does not want to be dependent in his old age, he plans to invest his savings in old houses, rebuild them and sell at a profit. This may be another of his Walter Mitty dreams, but it is a measure of his new security and independence.

He is continually astonished at the things Americans throw away. Even today, his curiosity drives him to investigate trash cans and municipal dumps for what he calls "treasures"—old clocks, discarded books, broken vases.

His favorite American food, amazingly, is avocados, which are cheap and plentiful in California. Sometimes he makes a whole meal of them. They remind him of fattening Russian dishes and have even replaced onions as his favorite.

Television never ceases to amaze him—especially the commercials.

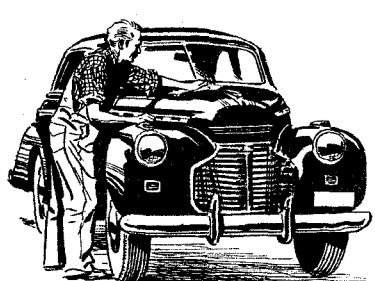
"Why is it necessary to coax people to buy these wonderful products?" he asks. "In Russia, and in many parts of the world, people cannot buy such things—even when they have money."

Viktor reached one of life's plateaus a year ago when he bought a 1942 Chevrolet. He hasn't yet learned to operate it well enough to pass the California driver's test. But he faithfully polishes it every day, and leaves it permanently parked in front of his apartment house for all to admire. He has had photographs taken of himself—sitting proudly at the wheel holding the keys—to send to relatives in Europe. This is irrefutable proof that he has made good in America. When he learns to drive, Viktor dreams of renting an automobile trailer and touring the country: "You know, like that pretty lady on TV sings about—*'See the U.S.A. in your Chevrolet!'* "

Viktor passionately loves his adopted country. He is nearing the end of the five-year probationary period required of a D.P. This summer he plans to start on a program that will help him obtain his American citizenship.

When I once asked him how he had managed to survive his years of terror and misery, he told me, "Very simple. I learn the secret in the D.P. camp in Austria, when we were so near the Russian border. *Those who prayed survived—those who didn't perished.* I have prayed much ever since."

The man I bought for $50 was a frightened, helpless little rabbit of a human being—crushed by history, terrified by life. Today, five years later, he is a useful member of



Viktor proudly polished his old car, the symbol of his success in America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

society, doing a necessary job, paying his own way.

"People's lives," he says, "depend on how clean I keep the surgical instruments."

He and I are friends—no longer "D.P." and "sponsor."

In helping Viktor, I have also paid a long-standing debt to America. Thirty-seven years ago I married a tall, Indiana-born U.S. Army sergeant named Logan Strother, who brought me to this country as a war bride. During those years, many Americans have been kind to me. I am happy that I could pass on this blessing to another who needed it.

Not long ago, I visited Viktor at the Temple Hospital. He was impressive in his starched, pale green uniform, and held himself so erect that he seemed taller than he really was.

One of the doctors, passing by, said to him, "Well, Viktor, do you think Mrs. Jones is ready for her operation today?"

"Yes, sir." Viktor smiled importantly. "I think she ready, sir."

Two nurses gave him a cheery greeting and, as he batted their wisecracks right back, suddenly I remembered something.

"Why, Viktor! You don't kiss the ladies' hands any more."

"That's right," he said. "We Americans don't kiss hands. Besides, it's not sanitary—too many germs."

Quick Comebacks

A TEACHER had told her class of youngsters that Milton, the poet, was blind. The next day she asked if any of them remembered what Milton's great affliction was.

"Yes'm," replied one little fellow seriously, "he was a poet."

—Sunshine

AN OLD FELLOW walked into the unemployment office and asked for the necessary papers to fill out. Laboriously he spelled his name: George Washington.

The amused clerk inquired, "Were you the one who cut down the cherry tree?"

"No sir," the old fellow replied, "I haven't had any work for more'n a year now."

—Cincinnati Enquirer

AT A LECTURE the speaker orated fervently: "He drove straight to his goal. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed forward, moved by a definite purpose. Neither friend nor foe could delay him or turn him from his course. All who crossed his path did so at their own peril. What would you call such a man?"

From the audience a woman's voice could be heard muttering: "A taxi driver."

—Balance Sheet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death Saw the Stop Sign

He held the wheel—and three lives in his hands—as the huge van hurtled down the mountain at 80 mph . . . its brakes gone

by KATHRYN MCFAUN, *as told to* GEORGE RIEMER

EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD I've had terrible nightmares in which someone close to me was killed while I stood helplessly by. One Sunday morning last July, 1955, something happened while I was awake that made me pray it might be a nightmare.

My husband John and I breed show horses. We'd had four at a showing in Connecticut and were on our way home to Ipswich, Massachusetts.

We'd left the show early Sunday morning in order to beat the traffic. John was ahead of me, driving the five-ton horse van which has sleeping space and a telephone that lets John call Red or Vern back in the trailer.

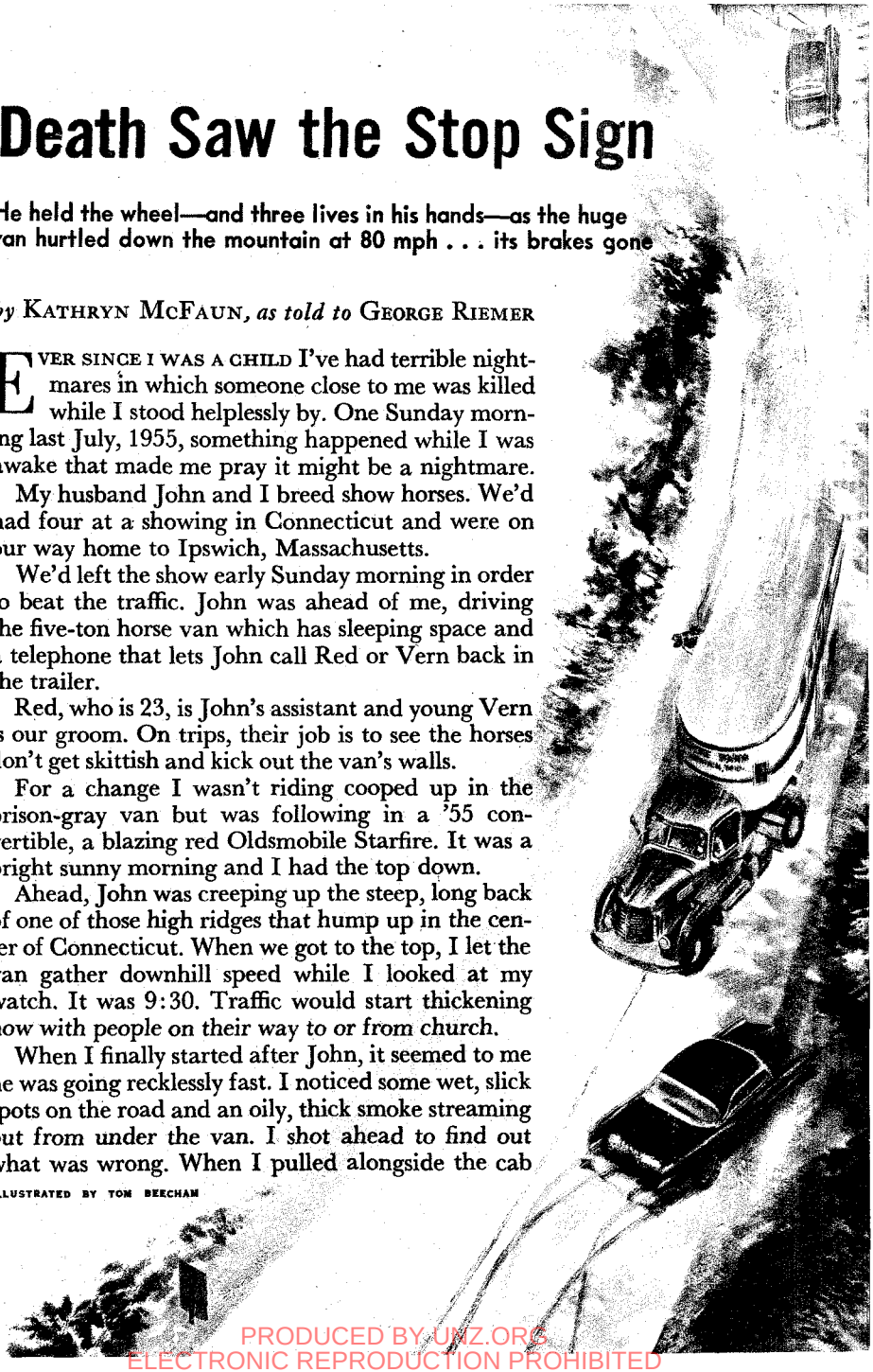
Red, who is 23, is John's assistant and young Vern is our groom. On trips, their job is to see the horses don't get skittish and kick out the van's walls.

For a change I wasn't riding cooped up in the prison-gray van but was following in a '55 convertible, a blazing red Oldsmobile Starfire. It was a bright sunny morning and I had the top down.

Ahead, John was creeping up the steep, long back of one of those high ridges that hump up in the center of Connecticut. When we got to the top, I let the van gather downhill speed while I looked at my watch. It was 9:30. Traffic would start thickening now with people on their way to or from church.

When I finally started after John, it seemed to me he was going recklessly fast. I noticed some wet, slick spots on the road and an oily, thick smoke streaming out from under the van. I shot ahead to find out what was wrong. When I pulled alongside the cab

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BEECHAM



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I saw John was steering with his right hand and tugging at the emergency brake with his left, his eyes frozen on the road.

"Get out of the way!" he shouted desperately. "Get back! *My brakes are gone!*"

As I dropped back, too frightened and confused to do anything else, Red's head poked out the side door of the van. He looked puzzled and scared. I suddenly realized the wet spots on the road were hydraulic fluid. Since the cab's telephone works on a vacuum principle, the same as the brakes, poor Red couldn't even find out from John that they were rolling down a mountain utterly helpless.

I KNEW John was looking for a field or side road he could turn into. He could have jumped and saved himself, but then the van would crash into the trees or down a ravine. The four heavy horses would slide forward from their stalls at the rear of the van and come slamming against Red and Vern, thrashing and kicking.

I pushed my foot hard on the gas pedal and shot the convertible ahead of the van. As I passed the cab I heard John shouting over and over, "Out of the way!"

He didn't mean me. He meant anyone who might be ahead, hidden by twists of the road, rolling lazily down some private driveway or out of a side lane. He was yelling because his horn worked on the same system with the brakes and was out too.

The hill at this particular point was not terribly steep. I jammed down the horn and kept it down. Along the way there were signs . . . NO PASSING . . . SIDE ROAD . . . WINDING ROAD. I passed a boy on a bike and in the rear-view mirror saw John swing the van far left.

My first big shock came as I rounded a curve. About a half mile ahead was a stop light with two cars facing uphill waiting for the light to change. The first car had its directional light blinking. It was going to make a left turn directly in John's path!

I pushed the convertible down to the intersection fast and tore up a grassy embankment a few yards from the car, waving and begging the driver not to move. He looked at me in amazement and to my utter horror began to make a distracted, looping left turn, his eyes on me instead of the onrushing van.

He was barely past the center of the road when John hit the intersection. He must have been going over 60, but he swung cleanly around the tail of the car turning left, then skidded back into his own lane.

I didn't wait to see what the two cars did. I backed down the embankment and raced after John.

A quarter mile on I saw a turn in the road. I clung to the van's tail till John started his turn. By cutting across grass and gravel I was able to make a tighter turn inside of John's and once again nosed to the front. I caught the briefest glimpse of Red but didn't see Vern.

You'd think in this crisis my mind would concentrate on getting us safely to the bottom of the hill. But I kept thinking trivial things, like what the horses were doing or what

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shows were ahead of us or how friends said our 15-year marriage had gotten to be one of "horses and habit." I even felt like laughing when I saw a warning: "Slow Down to 30 Miles an Hour."

But suddenly my mouth went dry. Speed limits mean towns. A second later I saw another sign: "Winsted, population 10,000."

I remembered Winsted from other trips—a busy, narrow main street running along the Mad River; factories, filling stations, shops. It was Sunday, thank God. They'd be closed. Then I remembered there was a big, stone Roman Catholic Church right on the roadway ahead.

It was at this moment I wished I were having a nightmare.

I kept looking into the mirror at John, almost hoping to see him crash the van into one of the empty factories we were passing instead of trying to race through a crowded street.

At the entrance to Winsted was a red light marking a juncture with two highways. I don't know what my speedometer read but it must have been over 80.

We ran the light without mishap.

The street, now quite narrow, was made still narrower by cars parked along the curb. If steering was hard for me, it must have been almost impossible for John, but he was still coming. I made up my mind that if I saw anyone in the road, pedestrian or car, and a crash looked unavoidable, I would swing into the nearest shop window. I wondered what John would do.

A pedestrian saw us coming and kept a car from driving into our path. A woman backing out from the curb killed her motor by her sudden stop.

Midway through town we screeched around a corner and there was the church. On the sidewalk a policeman stood ready to direct traffic. *But the church doors were still closed.* Not one soul was in the street.

Just past the church, the street split in two around a large grassy circle protected by a ring of iron pipe and chain. My tires complained loudly when I went round it. I felt sure John would choose to plow through the chains, hoping they would stop him. But the instant his tires began to squeal I knew he was taking the turn too.

On the east side of Winsted, the Mad River cuts sharply under the highway. The bridge over it is wide enough for two cars, though not wide enough for a truck and a car. Four or five cars were on the other side of the bridge and moving toward us. If John could get past the bridge, he'd be all right because the grade starts climbing then.

I was so intent on getting to the bridge and stopping those cars that I didn't see, until too late, that I was running another red light and crossing a major highway. What made me realize it was a monstrous truck roaring down from the north, the driver blowing his horn and shaking his fist at *me*. He didn't see John until the very last moment. Then all he could do was lower his head and charge on.

John leaned the van as far as he could to the truck's rear and they missed by the breadth of a paint job.

Up ahead, the first car was already on the bridge, the second about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to enter it. Then I heard a curious screeching sound and looked into the mirror. John was driving up against the curb. A cloud of dust and bluish smoke from his wheels made it hard to see what was happening, but he was slowing down.

John stopped the van a bare 20 feet from the bridge buttress. He'd used the side walls of his tires against the curbing as a brake.

I got to the cab a few steps behind Red. John's face was the color of ashes and he couldn't talk. When Red finally got his fingers pried loose from the wheel we saw blood dripping from the brake handle. John's other hand was frozen so tightly to the grip that it took Red more than ten minutes to get his bleeding fingers unlocked. I realized for the first time, then, that John had driven the entire way *one-handed!*

"I'm officer Resha," I heard a voice say behind me. "Don't try to talk now. Let's have some coffee."

It was good to be standing on the ground. Blood hummed pleasantly through the soles of my feet as I made my way through a broad stream of people into a church. No one seemed to notice me. At the door I heard someone ask, "Was there a wedding? I heard car horns."

In a way, I guess there had been a wedding. I went inside the church to thank God for letting me learn something a lot of women never know for sure until too late—how much I loved my husband.

When I left the church it looked as if everybody in town had collected around the van. I heard Red laughing and saw him mussing Vern's hair. Vern looked confused, while everyone around them was grinning.

When Red saw me he called out: "Vern just now woke up. He wants to know were we arrested for speeding."

Succinctly Said

ONE OF THE HARDEST things for a man to understand is how his bedroom slippers manage to move so far away from him during the night.
—O. A. BATTISTA

I SAW A MOVIE on television so old that England was lending money to America. —BOB HOPE

AT MANY Hollywood parties, the main argument of the evening is, "Who invited the host?" —*Happy Variety*

FISHING is simplicity itself: all you have to do is get there yesterday when the fish were biting. —W. A. BROOKS, *Fishin' Fun* (DERBY PRESS)

THE AUTO HASN'T completely replaced the horse. We haven't yet seen a bronze statue of a man sitting under a steering wheel. —GEAR-O-GRAM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

by ROGER B. GOODMAN

HAVEN'T YOU often thought, "If only I had the proper words to express what I feel!" Well, here's a quiz to sharpen your word sense. Below is a passage by a noted author, with certain words missing. Fill in the blanks with *your* choice from the list below. Then check them with the writer's words, to be found on page 66.

AFTER four years of 1————service, marked by 2————courage and 3————, the Army of Northern Virginia has been 4———— to yield to 5————numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave 6————of so many 7————battles, who have remained 8————to the last, that I have 9————to this result from no 10————of them; but feeling that 11———— and devotion could 12————nothing that could 13————for the loss that must have attended the 14————of the contest, I 15————to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have 16————them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that 17————from the consciousness of duty 18————performed; and I 19————pray that a Merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection.

With an 20————admiration for your 21————and devotion to your Country, and a 22————remembrance of your kind and 23————consideration for myself, I bid you all an 24————farewell.

Choose one word from each line on this list:

1. **hard, back-breaking, arduous**
2. **unsurpassed, terrific, great**
3. **fortitude, bravery, "stick-to-it-iveness"**
4. **made, forced, compelled**
5. **larger, bigger, overwhelming**
6. **remnants, survivors, remaining**
7. **big, hard fought, terrific**
8. **steadfast, true-blue, with me**
9. **consented, surrendered, lent myself**
10. **fear, lack of sureness, distrust**
11. **bravery, valor, devotedness**
12. **do, conceive, accomplish**
13. **compensate, make up, pay**
14. **carrying on, keeping up, continuance**
15. **determined, made up my mind, decided**
16. **attached, endeared, enhanced**
17. **derives, proceeds, comes**
18. **faithfully, devotedly, bravely**
19. **sincerely, fervently, earnestly**
20. **enlarged, abundant, unceasing**
21. **devoutness, contentiousness, constancy**
22. **kind, complete, grateful**
23. **generous, selfless, unencumbered**
24. **affectionate, old soldier's, everlasting**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Audrey Hepburn Goes Back to the Bar

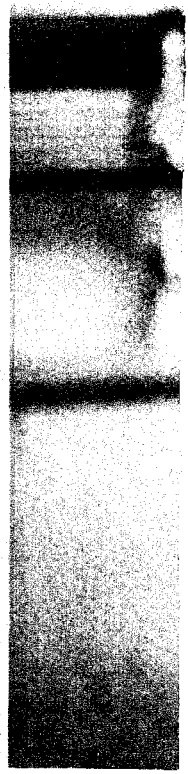
It's the traditional rack, on which ballet dancers torturously perfect their art

by MARK NICHOLS

AUDREY HEPBURN today is reputedly the world's highest paid actress—$350,000 a picture plus expenses. But at heart she remains a dancer. The daughter of an Irish father and a Dutch mother, Audrey began studying classical ballet at 12. World War II caught her in Nazi-occupied Holland, where starvation rations left her too weak to continue her lessons. In London afterwards, she resumed ballet training, but went to work as a chorus girl "because I needed the money; it paid £3 more than ballet jobs."

In musical comedy, Audrey's grace and poise attracted attention. She received modeling offers, and then minor acting jobs. Ultimately, she landed on Broadway in *Gigi*. Overnight, Audrey Hepburn—a ballet dancer who had never performed in a ballet—became a starring actress. Then, going on to Hollywood, she won an Academy Award for her performance in *Roman Holiday*.

Now, at 27, the brown-haired, brown-eyed Audrey returns to her first love, dancing, with Fred Astaire in her new picture, *Funny Face*. To meet his—and her own—perfectionist demands she had to polish her techniques to a high luster. But a long layoff can make a dancer rusty, and doubts began to cloud Audrey's forehead (*right*).



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SEYMOUR

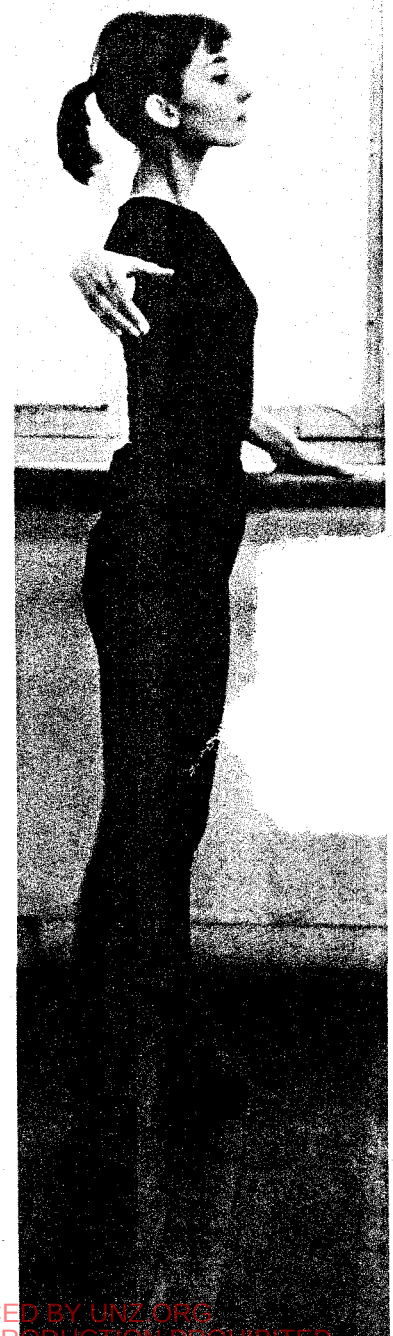
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONE DAY LAST SPRING, this pencil-thin elf with the doe eyes and irregularly-shaped teeth stepped to an exercise rail in a Paris studio. Taking a deep breath, she began the strenuous bending and stretching routines which have tormented ballet dancers for the last 200 years. These basic pulls (*above*) are designed to stretch the body muscles. For her practice sessions, Audrey wore a wool blouse and wool tights (for warmth), size 8AA (high metatarsal) ballet slippers, and a pony-tail hairdo.

Like a boxer or a runner, a dancer can suffer painful accidents —a sprained back, a twisted ankle—if her muscles are not conditioned for split-second movement. "Ballet," Audrey says, "taught me discipline. Like knowing how to relax without looking sloppy." Audrey credits much of her acting success to rigid dance fundamentals which she has never forgotten: "Ballet teaches you to make every movement and gesture meaningful."

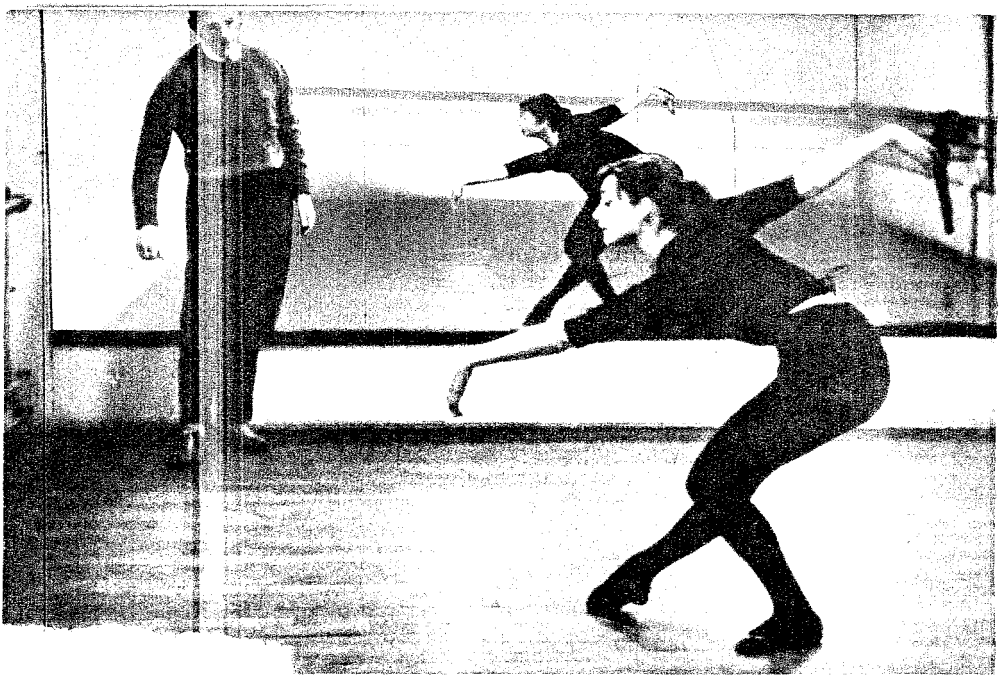
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Audrey assumes the second position: right arm extended, shoulders lowered, right foot "pointed." "When I don't dance," says Audrey, "I always get fat in the wrong places. Most of all, I get hippy."

She has the ideal dancer's figure: height, 5′6¾″, waist 21″ and 35″ hips. She has long thin arms and legs, and is noticeably flat-chested—32½″. Audrey has a simple diet formula: she eats everything—in small portions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

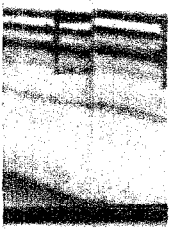


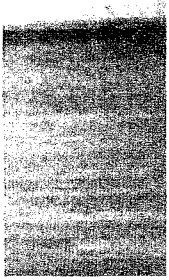
FOR TWO MONTHS before shooting began on her film musical, Audrey studied with dance master Lucien Legrand of the Paris Opera ballet.

Practicing before a mirror (*above*), Audrey does a *révérence*, the low, sweeping bow which reputedly dates back to Louis XIV. Her hands fall in the broken-wrist position, traditional with French and Russian-trained dancers, to give a delicate, spidery effect.

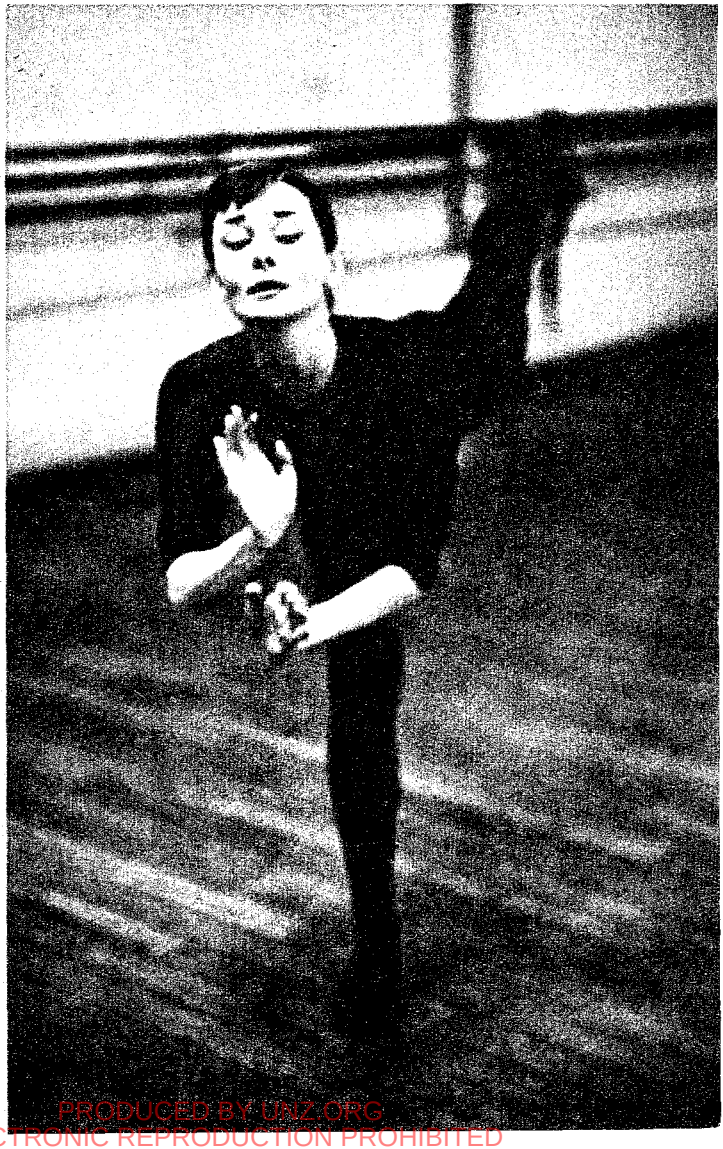
Many of her movie routines call for leaps. To help her achieve a soft, light bounce (known as *ballon*), Legrand guides Audrey in a jump (*left*).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





As practice progresses, suppleness returns. Audrey pushes her body into a long line almost parallel with the floor, in the *arabesque*. She low-rates her talent: "I'll never really be better than adequate." But Astaire disagrees: "Audrey's extremely talented, and she learns with amazing speed."



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

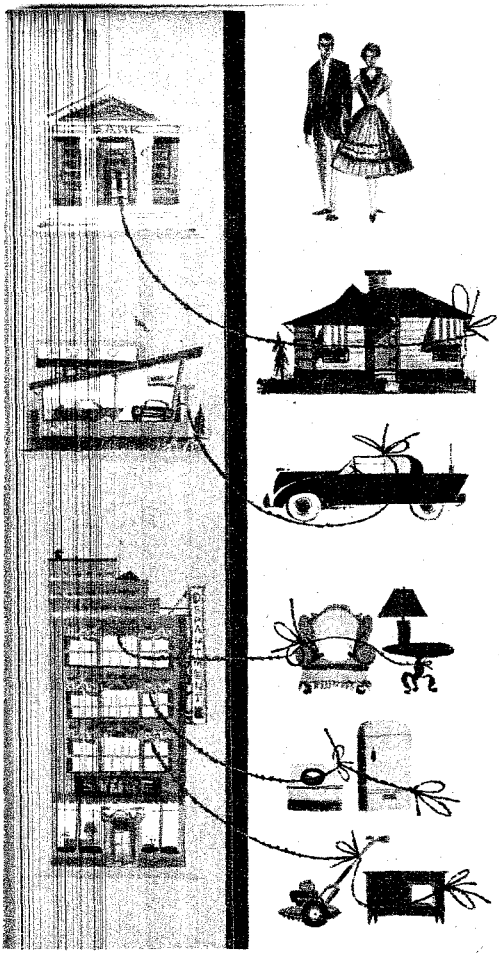
Mirror makes it easier for Legrand to correct Audrey's mistakes and teach her subtle nuances.

WHILE MAKING *Sabrina* in Hollywood three years ago, Audrey worked with Eugene Loring, Broadway and movie choreographer, to brush up on dance technique.

When Loring was assigned to create the dances for *Funny Face,* Audrey was delighted "because he's familiar with all my limitations." The only limitations Loring lists for her are "modesty and legs a bit too long." He devised her dances—a hectic jazz number, a romantic duet with Astaire, and a lyrical acting solo—around her stylized mannerisms and her "pixie sense of comedy."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Living It Up—

by HAROLD MEHLING

It's easy to buy "on time" but is it *right*? Have Americans gone credit-crazy? Here is a down-to-earth analysis of our new "nickel millionaire" way of life

THE PARDESES, William and Alayne, live with their two boys in one of the richest income sections of the United States—Westchester County, New York. Most of their neighbors in the city of White Plains earn over $8,000 a year. Yet electrical engineer Bill Pardes earns but $6,200 a year. And no rich uncle left him stocks, bonds or family jewels.

The mystery is heightened by an inspection of the Pardeses' $15,000 Colonial home on a half acre. In the living room sits a baby grand piano, in the kitchen a new 11-cubic-foot refrigerator. In the master bedroom is an air cooler and a television, in the basement a power saw, a good washing machine and another, older TV. Outside stands a 1953 Ford, which Bill bought new.

How does Bill do it on take-home pay of $468 a month? According to all the careful statistics, he should only have about $150 left after paying for food, clothing and the house. How can he get medical bills, lunches, movies, vacations, insurance and the rest out of that and still buy all these appliances and gadgets?

Bill's answer is simple, direct and revealing of life in today's changed America.

"We live on the installment plan,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the Installment Plan

he says. "There's practically nothing inside or outside this house that hasn't been bought at so much down and so much a month."

And there it is. Bill and Alayne Pardes, in their early 30s, are one of a vast number of families who don't want to wait until they've saved the full price of an electric dryer, and don't intend to make do without it. They get it now, on credit.

Never in the history of any country have so many people been so far in hock for so many things. And never have so many institutions tried to get so many borrowers to borrow even more.

Today, 55 per cent of families are paying off installment debts. Almost two-thirds of the refrigerators and three-fourths of the automobiles are bought on time. In 1945, the average family owed less than 4¢ of each dollar that would be earned during the week ahead. Now we mortgage 13¢ of it in advance.

This trend is bothering many economists, who call the credit livers "nickel millionaires" and say they're operating on a "pay-as-you-went" system. They question the effect of rising credit on the national economy, too.

Another question—and its answer may be far more important in the long run—is whether this way of living is a moral way. These observers wonder whether the installment-plan approach to life is affecting the very fibre and fabric of our society. Their major charges are these:

Credit living weakens our regard for thrift and brings on a heady, irresponsible attitude toward our lives.

Monthly-payment families gradually turn over their life decisions to an all-powerful payment book, and thus lose their ability to plot their own destinies.

Bill Pardes denies this. "If I want something, and I find credit terms I can handle, why, I'll have it," he says. "No reason not to, is there?"

Some people say there are plenty of reasons not to. Among them that —"it's downright immoral!" Some of Bill Pardes' contemporaries agree with this viewpoint, but they are a minority whose ranks are thinning with each passing month.

The bulk of installment living is being done today by the huge number of 20- to 40-year-old families earning between $5,000 and $7,500 a year.

Bill Pardes, who is in the middle of this group, says the situation is not scandalous, but necessary and wholesome.

"It's almost impossible to accumulate all the money you need at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one time," he argues. "Why is it wrong, then, to borrow it? Businesses do it all the time and always have. So why should it be wrong for individuals like us?"

Alexander B. Marshall, an accountant living on the same income as the Pardeses but in a home whose lower mortgage is their only debt and whose rooms contain far fewer possessions, answers Bill's question this way:

"We want a new refrigerator, too. Ours is much too small. But to pay it off over a year we'd have to commit ourselves to installments of $25 or $35 a month. We want an automatic washer and a replacement for the living room rug, and I'm afraid that if we start buying a refrigerator that way we'll take on the rest and soon find ourselves in hot water."

SO HOW does this family get its refrigerator?

"Every month we put away what the installment payment would come to," Alice Marshall explains. "We'll have to wait a year this way but, when we get it, it will be all ours. Aside from saving the finance charges and getting interest on our own money in a savings account, I think we're going to be proud of ourselves for being able to do it the hard way."

Bill Pardes, on the other hand, sees no reason why he shouldn't be just as proud of *his* credit system. "This is the hard way, too," he says. "I have to meet my monthly payments. That's an obligation that calls for a lot of thrift and careful budgeting, isn't it?"

The finance charges point up another difference of opinion between the pro- and anti-credit livers. When Bill put $25 down on his new refrigerator and amortized the $225 balance, it cost him $15 in interest. Add to that the $10.13 he would have received in interest for his $225 in a 3 per cent savings account, and the total cost of his installment method comes to $25.13.

"If you break that down," Bill says, "you find I paid a premium of $1.40 a month to have my refrigerator a year and a half earlier. To me, it's worth it."

Both the Pardeses and the Marshalls grew up in limited-income families who waited to buy until they had the full price. Both did without some things as a result because the full price sometimes failed to materialize.

Al Marshall's reaction: "Those days taught me that you can't always see far enough ahead. If you won't ever have the full price, you won't ever have the total of the installment payments, either. I think it's better to discipline yourself a little and pay as you go."

Bill Pardes' reaction: "I've found that if you want things you have to stick your neck out to get them and then work hard to pay them off. I'll take the chance."

Bill Pardes concedes that there is such a thing as drowning in a sea of indebtedness, too. He also agrees with a statement by Arthur O. Dietz, president of the C. I. T. Financial Corporation, one of the largest finance agencies in the nation, that "consumer debt can be too high only to the extent that it includes debt which should never have been in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

curred in the first place." On their first plunge into the installment way of life, Bill and his wife found this to be all too true.

"We only had Greg, our older boy, then," he says, "and Alayne was working part time as a teacher. But I was earning about $1,000 a year less, so we weren't really better off than we are now. Even so, we wanted a home to be ready for our second child. I found this house with a down payment of $3,000 and I only had $2,500. So I borrowed $1,000, to keep us from moving in broke."

Since the bank deducted its 4¼ per cent interest in advance, he received $957.50 and had to repay it at the rate of $41.66 a month over two years.

"It was too much," Bill admits, and Alayne nods in painful reminiscence. "The doctor's fee for the baby was $150, and after Alayne talked it over with him he agreed to take it in small installments. That came to about $20 a month for a while.

"By that time, together with a regular $33 on my auto loan and $100 a month on the mortgage, I was paying out about $200 every month just in installments. It was almost half my take-home pay."

To bail himself out, Bill had to add Saturdays to his work week. Fortunately, he has educated fingers with saws and sanders, and many months of Saturday woodworking eventually brought him out of the red.

Not that it was as simple as it sounds, though. To turn out his woodwork, Bill needed a power saw whose $130 price confronted him with a classic dilemma of credit. "I couldn't afford to take on still another monthly payment," he recalls. "That would have put me into a vicious circle. But I had to have the saw, so I borrowed the price from a friend who could wait a year. I cleared out my debts, then repaid him. Now some people might say that was ridiculous—borrowing more money when I was too far into debt already—but when you think about it, it does make sense, doesn't it?"

No-credit Al Marshall agrees that the loan was necessary under the circumstances, but asks, "Were the circumstances necessary in the first place?"

Bill Pardes' reply: "The circumstances were, but the amount was too much. I try not to let my total installment debt get very far over $550 or so these days. That's my safe speed. The important thing is to find it out in time."

Part of Bill's current debts consist of a sort of revolving-door bank loan, which he uses to get good discounts for cash purchases. As he pays off one loan, another comes along, which makes this debt as regular a part of the Pardeses' lives as their meals.

The chart on the following page shows how the Pardeses spend Bill's monthly take-home pay of $468.

The amount of the Pardeses' income that goes for installment indebtedness is within the limits the economists consider safe. It has been higher and it will rise again when Bill turns in his car for a new one, but he will try to keep it within the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXPENDITURES		AMOUNT	PER CENT OF INCOME
Food, Clothing		$205.92	44
Shelter home mortgage, taxes, insurance, assessments		107.00	22½
Other Expenses medical, utilities, entertainment, insurance, incidentals		92.11	20¼
Installment Debts		62.97	13¼
bank loan	$27.78		
refrigerator	20.44		
furniture	14.75		
		$468.00	100

ranges of these economists' rules of thumb:

1. A young or newlywed family with immediate, urgent needs and a solid promise of a bright future can feel safe in owing a maximum of what 10 per cent of 18 months' take-home salary would pay off in that time. Thus, a family with the Pardeses' or Marshalls' gross salary of $6,200 (take-home pay about $5,616) could commit itself to a total installment debt amounting to almost $850.

2. A family paying unusually high rent or carrying a rough mortgage should not allow its total installment debt to go over one-third of its yearly income after food, clothing and shelter are subtracted. These items usually take two-thirds, so the $5,616 take-home family is allowed a maximum debt of $625.

Bill Pardes' total debt runs a careful channel between the liberal and conservative shoal-markers. Al Marshall's debt is non-existent.

Pardes says: "We're not trying to live on next year. We're just trying to move tomorrow a bit closer to today to make sure we'll see it. And we're willing to pay for the opportunity of doing it. We think that's as moral as it can be."

Marshall says: "I suppose credit is all right if it's used very moderately. But I'm not sure it can always be done that way. A lot of families get into trouble trying. Besides, you're mortgaging your future for things that can just as easily stand a little patience."

Pardes has the value of the national trend on his side, Marshall has the value of traditional cautiousness, and each feels his own philosophy is the moral one. Our future pattern of living as a nation hinges on which one of these two men is right.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Personal Religion of ARTHUR J. BROWN

by DAN PAONESSA

His credo is: "Anyone can make a mistake." So he helps ex-convicts, alcoholics—even dope addicts—wipe the slate clean by giving them jobs in his $13,000,000-a-year trucking business

IT DID NOT SEEM STRANGE to Arthur J. Brown to receive a letter asking for help, from a man he did not know. Nor that the man was writing from Sing Sing, and asking for a job. To Brown, he was simply another human being in trouble.

The letter writer explained that he would soon be eligible for parole, but parole would not be possible without a job. And was there a place for an ex-convict in Brown's organization?

Brown checked with a parole officer and learned that the man was a former bank teller who had been imprisoned for embezzlement. He learned also that the man had a wife and two children.

"Everyone makes mistakes," Brown says, "and at some time needs a hand—and another chance to make something of himself."

The former bank teller got his second chance, with the ABC Freight Forwarding Corporation—Brown's organization. A short time later, he started a successful business of his own—with the help of a loan from Brown.

Stocky, handsome, with graying hair and perceptive hazel eyes, Brown appears a typical, neatly dressed businessman with a soft, gentle voice and a sympathetic ear. But he can be a tough, stubborn man when he meets opposition in his hardheaded determination to untangle the desperate, unhappy lives of those about him. And if gentle, persuasive advice doesn't impress those he thinks should know better, he can bellow like an outraged father.

For Brown is a former dock worker and truck washer who, only

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

15 years ago, saved $1,000 and went into business for himself. Today his ABC Freight Forwarding Corporation, with home offices in New York City, is a $13,000,000-a-year concern.

At ABC there are employees who are former alcoholics and drug addicts. No one knows who they are but Brown, who has offered them hope and a new life with employment and security.

The 45-year-old freight executive has never forgotten his own humble beginning and long struggle for success. And he's made a seven-day religion of reaching out a helping hand.

Word of this has gotten around and letters reach his desk daily asking for advice, for a job, for one more chance. Brown answers each letter personally.

Two years ago, the wife of a cosmetic chemist wrote that her husband had lost his speech after an operation. As he convalesced, he became convinced he would never be able to work again. One of his nurses had read an article on Brown in a local newspaper and showed it to the chemist's wife.

"The doctor says your husband isn't doing as well as he should," the nurse told her. "He feels useless, through with life. If he doesn't find some sort of work to do, it's possible he may never regain his speech."

It seemed a desperate chance. But the wife wrote to Brown anyway, and asked for his advice. Brown arranged an interview with the man, and hired him on the spot. Today, the ex-chemist has a promising new career in the freight business, and has regained both his speech and, more important, faith in himself.

Brown has found that helping one's neighbors sometimes ends in heartbreaking failure, but he believes that if he succeeds with even one out of a hundred he is well repaid. And he never condemns.

"Who are we to judge?" he says. "When I was a kid we all stole—butter, potatoes, lots of things. We were hungry. Some of the guys I grew up with went to jail. I might have been one of them."

ARTHUR J. BROWN was born in Maywood, Illinois, a tough Chicago suburb, the eighth of nine children. As far back as he can remember, feeding the family was a constant struggle. He went to work before he was ten years old, holding down a full-time job after school in a printing plant, often working through the night until it was time to go to school the next morning.

When his father died, Arthur supported his mother by washing trucks and handling freight for a transportation company for $2 a day.

After a number of years, he worked himself up to the position of eastern general manager of the company whose trucks he had once washed. Then, one day, his boss rejected Brown's plan for speeding up freight shipments from New York to Chicago.

"Your plan won't work," the owner stormed. "It's foolish and impractical."

Brown disagreed—violently—and was fired.

On $1,000, he set up an office in an open shed, with a crate for a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

desk, a battered typewriter and two freight hooks. He drummed up business by flagging down trucks that passed. And his disputed plan proved so spectacularly successful that ABC has become not only bigger than the firm that had fired him, but is the fifth largest freight forwarding company in the country.

Brown maintains a unique relationship with his 1,000 employees. If there are any family troubles, overdue debts, rent to be paid, the company comes to the rescue through a non-interest loan system.

Every employee gets an annual bonus; besides, there are "incentive" bonuses and merit bonuses for unusual effort. The company also has a profit sharing and an insurance plan.

No one is compelled to take the insurance. Sometimes it doesn't matter that they do not.

One employee, who neglected to take out a policy, dropped dead of a heart attack one day. Brown knew the man's family; he felt that they needed help, but he was afraid of offending them by offering what they might call "charity."

So he wrote this letter to his dead friend:

"Dear Bob,

"You rushed off, so I didn't have a chance to tell you a few of the things I always meant to. All of us seem to put off saying the good things that are in our hearts until it is too late.

"After you came to work for us, I learned that you were a swell guy—a loyal employee, doing a fine job. I wanted to tell you then, but somehow—well, I forgot.

"Please forgive me, but I'd rather be late than never.

"The wonderful job you've been doing for us is like insurance for your family's security. And you've got some of that insurance stored away already.

"This is what I wanted to tell you, Bob. It's not all that I feel, but I think you'll understand.

"I'm sending *your* check for $1,000 to your wife, and sure hope you'll pardon the delay.

"Arthur"

Brown's understanding of people was put to a severe test one night when he received a frantic telephone call from an employee as he was sitting down for dinner.

"You'd better get over to the office quick," the man cried. "I was held up and robbed!"

"Was anybody hurt?" Brown asked quietly.

When he learned there wasn't, he went down to the freight terminal. The employee, who was waiting by the entrance, excitedly told how he had been held up at gun point by a masked man and robbed of nearly $4,000 in cash.

Brown listened carefully. He had known the employee for a long time, and there was no reason to doubt his honesty. But still—there seemed to be something wrong, something missing.

Brown walked slowly through the terminal, then climbed the stairs to his office. When he got there, the employee was waiting for him. Brown sat down behind his desk, and stared thoughtfully out the window.

"Well," he said finally, "if you want to tell me about it, go ahead;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but I don't want to know who else was in it."

The man broke down and confessed that he and a friend had staged a phony holdup. His reasons were age-old. He was in debt—had even pawned his furniture—because of an extravagant wife. There seemed to be no way out but—

"Why didn't you come and tell me about it?" Brown demanded. "Why didn't you borrow from the company?"

"How could I explain I needed a loan to pay for my wife's fur coat?" the man asked tearfully.

Brown patiently listened to the man's troubles, worked out a way for him to repay the company, *and then put him back to work.*

"A guy who has the guts to admit his mistakes can't be too bad," Brown said afterward. "And two months later, the other man in the phony robbery turned up in my office and confessed. We got that straightened out, too. Problems have a way of disappearing when you talk them out."

Eight years ago, Brown bought the 180-acre former Bendix estate in the Sourland Mountains of New Jersey and outfitted it as a luxurious vacation ranch for his employees. It has an outdoor theater, sports facilities and a magnificent $50,000 swimming pool. And it's all free.

"They come to Camp Ajaybe from New York and our 17 other stations around the country, with their wives and children—as many as 100 people at a time," Brown smiles. "And if any of them get sick, they can go there to convalesce, winter or summer."

When a summer theater is in the area, he buys up blocks of tickets, hires baby-sitters, and sends the parents to see the show.

He and his own family spend their vacations there, too, and early in the spring the Browns themselves get the place ready. Mrs. Brown sews and hangs the curtains.

A plaque at the main gate of the ranch sums up Arthur Brown's personal creed:

"True generosity is the desire to be useful to others without any desire for personal reward . . ."

Connectogram

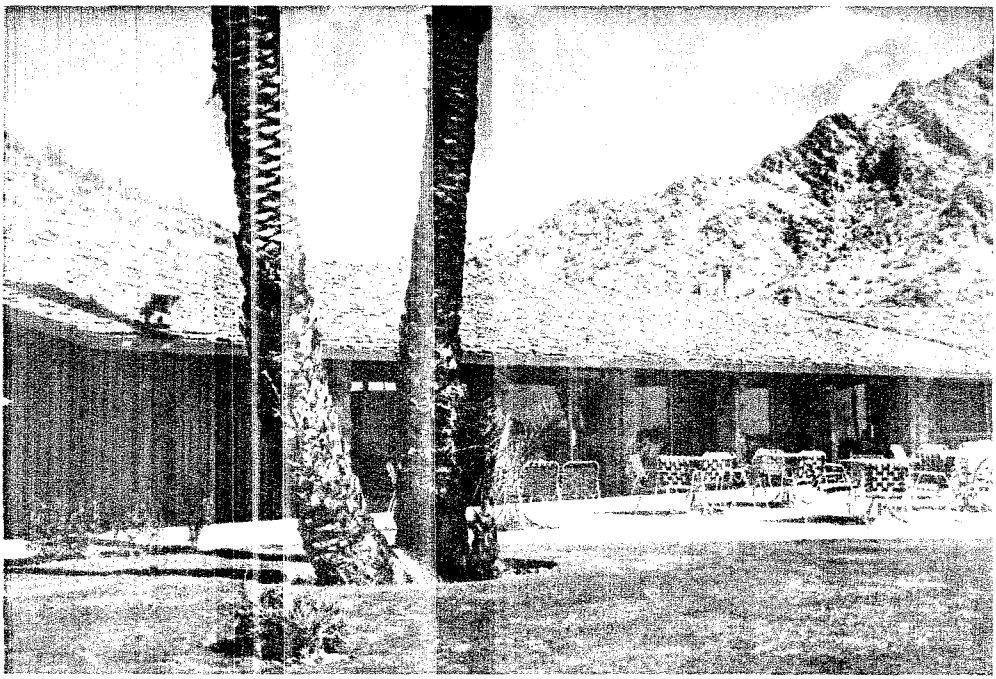
(*Answers on page* 146)

A "CONNECTOGRAM" saves letters and ink. These strange-looking words are really sentences made up of interlocking words. Numerals in parentheses indicate the number of words in the hidden sentence. For example, HOPENS (3), when untangled becomes HOPE OPENS PENS. Study them carefully for the highest score!

1. THISLAND	(5)	7. HISTORY	(4)
2. SOMENJOYSTERS	(4)	8. GETHEMENU	(5)
3. ALLADIESATABLE	(6)	9. JUSTHENTERS	(5)
4. THATHEATREAGHEST	(8)	10. THISALONE	(5)
5. HISTILLICIT	(5)	11. WITHEATSOATMEALSO	(9)
6. ANTEATERMITE	(5)	12. THERODEOX	(6)

—W. E. MC CRACKEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



What was once desert is today the swank Paradise Valley Country Club in Phoenix.

ARIZONA: AMERICA'S NEW MECCA

by JOSEPH STOCKER

Thousands are rushing to retire, relax or make money in this land of sunshine, ease and boom

BILL PLUNKETT used to be a New Yorker. He worked in a skyscraper, lived in a big apartment building and only occasionally saw the sun. He battled subway crowds and lunch-hour crowds; wore his raincoat when it rained and his overshoes when it snowed—and invariably caught cold in spite of it.

Today, Bill Plunkett (which isn't his real name, although Bill himself is real enough) is living in Tucson, Arizona. He owns a modest ranch-style house surrounded by grapefruit trees. He plays golf on weekends, wears a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An acre of remote land that a few years ago went begging at $25 now is gobbled up at $450

year-round suntan and hasn't had a cold since he arrived. His job isn't paying him quite what he was making in New York, but it doesn't really matter.

Says Bill: "When I see people that I used to know back there, they tell me I look ten years younger. They say it so often that it's become trite. But I love it. And, brother, do I love Arizona!"

What's happening these days in Arizona can be summed up in one word: Boom. And the reason for it can be summed up in one word, too: Climate.

It's the Florida story all over again, but against a backdrop of dry desert and cactus instead of blue ocean and mangrove trees. For into Arizona are pouring approximately 40,000 people a year (not to mention several million who travel through or tarry for vacations). In the last fifteen years, the population has more than doubled. It is over a million now.

The newcomers are from everywhere—east, midwest, south, northwest, and not a few even from southern California.

What they seek, in almost all cases, is sunshine. And an impartial U.S. Weather Bureau attests to the fact that Arizona has a lot of that—more, even, than Florida. To be precise, the sun shines annually in excess of 80 per cent of all possible daylight hours, or about 3,600 hours at Phoenix and 3,800 at Tucson.

Rainfall, especially in the state's southern desert region, is unusually low. And snow is such a rarity that when some vagrant flakes fell on Tucson one winter day a few years ago, children rushed to the windows crying, "Mama, what's that?"

This June-in-January weather, with mid-winter temperatures ranging into the 70s, has made Arizona a happy sunning ground for tourists, too. They start rolling into the state along about October, filling up the hotels, motels, apartments, dude ranches and even a few $50-a-day mink-lined desert resorts.

Then they go gallumphing out across the desert on rented horses or settle down under a palo verde tree for a chuckwagon picnic. Between times, they spin up to the Grand Canyon for a peek over the edge of the south rim. Or they head down toward the storybook Old West town of Tombstone for a look at the graves of lusty six-gun men who died with their boots on.

Tourists, all told, have generated a $175,000,000-a-year industry for Arizona and have altered the face of the state. Next to Phoenix lies what was the tiny crossroads hamlet of Scottsdale before the artists and craftsmen moved in to produce and sell their exclusive wares. Shops and stores sprang up and the whole town

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decked itself out with hitching rails and wagon-wheel chandeliers to justify its claim of being "The West's Most Western Town."

Today, there are 4,000 people living within its city limits and 18,500 in its school district. It's a sort of Palm Springs of the Arizona desert, and attracts visitors from all over the world.

Much the same thing—only on a greater scale—has happened to the state's two major cities, Phoenix and Tucson. Phoenix, with a metropolitan population of 122,000 before World War II, is up around 374,000 now. Tucson has jumped from 64,000 to nearly 200,000 in the same period.

IT IS ESTIMATED that a large percentage of the people who have moved to Arizona in the past ten years have done so in quest of health. For the state's sunshine is happily combined with low humidity almost the year around. And that seems to be awfully good for people with asthma, arthritis, sinus trouble, even —in some cases—heart trouble.

A young pharmacist, for instance, was stretcher-bound with arthritis when he arrived some years ago. Now he is working a full day every day, walks without a limp and with a barely perceptible hunch and is one of the most active civic leaders of his community.

And there's a young housewife who had heart trouble and was told back east that going to Arizona was her only chance for recovery—and not much of a chance at that. Moreover, she was never, never to have any children. Since she moved to Arizona, she has had two healthy children and survived a very serious automobile accident!

Health isn't Arizona's only lure. Many of its recent immigrants moved there simply to find a better and more relaxed way of living than is possible in some of America's big congested cities.

The best way to relax in Arizona, of course, is to retire there, and thousands have done just that. A whole retirement community has sprouted up northwest of Phoenix, in what had been an irrigated cotton patch in the middle of the desert. It is called Youngtown, and was built for, and is occupied exclusively by, retired people—about 300 of them at the latest count.

Youngtown was established by a Phoenix developer named Ben Schleifer. The idea came to him a few years ago when he went to see a friend living in an old people's home in the east. The home was nice enough and the old man was well treated, but he was deeply discontented. He was hemmed in by regulations—radio and TV off at certain hours, visiting permitted only at certain hours, and so on. As Schleifer said later, "He was a voluntary prisoner. All his independence was gone."

Schleifer vowed then that he would build a place where elderly, retired people could live together comfortably—and with their independence preserved. In Youngtown, he has carried out that vow.

In the early days of the state's great population boom, the main problem was: What will all these new people do for a living? Arizona

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at that time was almost entirely dependent on money coming in from agriculture, tourists, copper mining and cattle. And not all the newcomers could be—or wanted to be—put to work digging up carrots, herding dudes or cattle, and mining copper.

But then industry commenced to develop. About the last thing in the world that any of Arizona's oldtimers expected to see was factories blossoming amidst the saguaro cactus and prickly pear. Yet that is exactly what is taking place.

How extensively, may be deduced from the fact that Arizona now ranks first among the states, percentagewise, in postwar manufacturing growth. Its volume of manufacturing has risen from $29,000,000 a year at the outbreak of World War II to $350,000,000 in 1955. In the last eight and a half years, 168 new manufacturing plants have set up shop in Phoenix alone.

The industrial migration into Arizona has been based on hardheaded business reasoning. Industrialists figured, for one thing, that factories located in Arizona ought not to be hampered by much absenteeism. Employees, after all, wouldn't have to fight their way through rain and blizzards to get to their jobs.

And so it has worked out. One of the state's largest manufacturing plants reports absenteeism amounting to only 1.6 per cent, compared to five per cent or thereabouts in other sections of the country. And personnel turnover isn't much more of a problem. Few workers are tempted to quit and move somewhere else, since most of them came from somewhere else to live in Arizona.

The climate has proved a special inducement to the aircraft industry. This derives from the fact that, for all practical purposes, Arizona can guarantee more flying days a year than most other states. Hence several of the state's biggest factories are producing airplanes of one kind and another, or their components.

In Tucson, there is a Douglas modification plant; and Howard Hughes is producing guided missiles. In the Phoenix area are two big aircraft plants, along with a large aluminum plant and a major facility of one of the nation's foremost electronics manufacturers.

Arizona's industrial promoters have seen to it that most of this new industry is of the smokeless variety, so as not to muddy up Arizona's nice blue skies. And whenever an outside manufacturer drops a hint of being interested in establishing another smokeless factory, to provide more employment, he gets full cooperation.

Recently, the Sperry Rand Corporation, the big firm headed by General Douglas MacArthur, let it be known that Phoenix was under consideration for two separate plants to employ 3,000 people. But the company had some misgivings about a state tax on sales to the Federal Government, since much of its output would go to Uncle Sam. So Governor Ernest W. McFarland called the legislature into special session, and the tax was obligingly wiped off the books.

Then a hitch developed over a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Square dance in Scottsdale, new resort featuring life and customs of the Old West.

factory site and a longer airport runway. Phoenix business leaders thereupon organized an industrial development corporation. Within 72 hours it raised $650,000 to acquire land for the new factory and lengthen the runway. And Sperry Rand with its fat payroll was in the bag.

Along with Arizona's transition from a frontier state to an industrial state has come a real-estate boom no less fantastic. Values haven't simply doubled—they've quintrupled and sextupled. Remote

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

desert land that went begging at $25 an acre a few years ago is selling briskly now for $450. In 1948, a speculator bought a corner property on the edge of Scottsdale for $42,000. Two years later he was offered $120,000 for it and, not long ago, $450,000. He is holding out for a cool million.

It is the same story almost everywhere in the state. In Tucson, eight years ago, a new country club was organized out beyond the city. It acquired more property than it actually needed and, as an inducement to charter members, offered to throw in a couple of lots with each $5,000 membership. Today the lots are worth between $8,000 and $9,000 apiece.

A Phoenix real-estate man tells this not-so-tall tale. His mother-in-law in New York, hearing of the boom, asked him to invest a little money for her. Accordingly, he bought a piece of land for $4,000, paying $1,000 down. By the time her check arrived, he had sold the property for a $5,000 profit. He sent her $1,000 check back and invested the surplus for her—in more real estate, naturally.

In point of fact, non-Arizonians have reaped some of the juiciest profits from Arizona real estate. Explained one southern Californian as he made a down payment on a big piece of Arizona desert: "This may look like dry ground and weeds to you, but it looks like the San Fernando Valley to me."

Is Arizona's boom another Florida bubble, *à la* the 1920s? It could be, of course, but Arizonians don't think so. They point out that it is based, not just on speculative profits but on people—people who need places to live, work and play. And these people are swarming into the state.

"I don't think," said one civic leader, "that you could keep Arizona from growing if you put a 40-foot wall around it. People are just going to come."

Probably all of them won't get rich, but they certainly can get warm and sun-tanned. And they can relax and possibly even get rid of what ails them. And that's what most of them come to Arizona for in the first place.

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

(Answers to quiz on page 43)

The passage was taken from General Robert E. Lee's Farewell Address to His Army (April 10, 1865). Lee chose these words: 1. arduous; 2. unsurpassed; 3. fortitude; 4. compelled; 5. overwhelming; 6. survivors; 7. hard fought; 8. steadfast; 9. consented; 10. distrust; 11. valor; 12. accomplish; 13. compensate; 14. continuance; 15. determined; 16. endeared; 17. proceeds; 18. faithfully; 19. earnestly; 20. unceasing; 21. constancy; 22. grateful; 23. generous; 24. affectionate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANYTHING *U* can do, *I* can do as well—or better, Herb Shriner, our quizmaster, boasts. Herb, host on his own show (CBS-TV, Tuesdays, 9-9:30 P.M., EDT), has a simple way to prove this. By stepping into the middle of a four-letter word (described first below), these vowels change its meaning (into the second definition). For example, LOTS becomes LOUTS; GATS transforms into GAITS. Will *I* do it—or will *U*? (Answers on page 109.)

1. To resist boldly; to make a god of
2. Stockings; dwelling
3. Poetic sunrise; to grieve
4. Chilly; was able
5. Breathe heavily; coloring substance
6. Greater quantity; watered fabric
7. Sit for portrait; equilibrium
8. Misplace; small insect
9. Hastens; spoils
10. Exclamation of sorrow; assumed name
11. Bell sounded by hammer; departing
12. Devices for keeping cool; mythological rural deities
13. Link; tied
14. Dips, as bread; hot liquid foods
15. Breathing facial feature; sound
16. Boys; praises, extols
17. Crude shelter; drew back, as a horse
18. Full of affection; discovered
19. Flying mammals; enticements
20. Party giver; to lift
21. Chums; buckets
22. Possessive pronoun; inheritors
23. Cooking utensils; aches
24. Quantity of medicine; to drench
25. To look steadily; thin bandage fabric
26. Greatest quantity; damp
27. A head cook; the ruler of a tribe
28. Raced; watched secretly
29. Equalities in value; couples
30. Confused network of paths; a cereal plant
31. Plant containers; looks sullen
32. Menace to wool clothing; part of the face
33. American beauty; wake
34. Ding's follower; acting
35. Part of a lawyer's agenda; reason
36. Motion of ocean; give up rights
37. Small children; solicits bets
38. A small body of water; sixteen ounces
39. Decays; disperses in defeat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CORONET BOOK CONDENSATION

LADY SINGS THE Blues

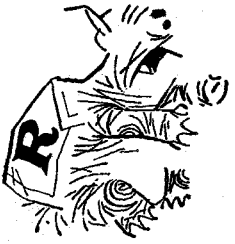
by BILLIE HOLIDAY
with WILLIAM DUFTY

Etched in the acid of experience, this is the story of Billie Holiday, one of the greatest blues singers of our time. Her own words tell it. It is a record of stunning paradox—brutal, tragic, amoral; at times strangely tender, and always honest. And so Coronet presents it — the frank report of one turbulent life, told with jarring insight, devoid of self-pity.

The Editors

From *Lady Sings the Blues*, by Billie Holiday. Copyright © 1956, by Eleanora Fagan and William F. Dufty. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Political Palaver

WHEN THE late Senator Kenneth Wherry of Nebraska eloquently delivered his first speech, a controversial one, he could see the older heads among his colleagues nodding in approval. When his proposal came to a vote, however, only a handful of the group voted with him.

As he took his seat, slightly dazed by the count, one of the elder senators approached him and said: "That was a good speech and I want you to know that I agreed with much of what you said."

"If you were with me," demanded Wherry, "why didn't you vote with me?"

"I was with you, Kenny," replied the other, "as long as you were talking."

—E. E. EDGAR

WHEN ADLAI STEVENSON was interviewed by writers of a national TV show, one made a point of introducing himself and explaining: "I'll be sure to vote for you this election. I would have last time but I was sick on election day."

"Oh, that's what happened," Stevenson said, nodding. "I wondered."

—ROBERT SYLVESTER

DURING A POLITICAL CAMPAIGN, both the Republican and Democratic congressional candidates met at the same time in a town that had only one large auditorium. The local sheriff told them that they'd have to have their meetings at the same time because he didn't intend to sweep twice in one day.

The time of the joint meeting having arrived, the sheriff dutifully arose and said, "I want to present to you a man who, above anyone, has the welfare of each and every one of you at heart. More than anyone I know, he is devoted to our great and glorious state."

Then he turned to the candidates and asked: "Which of you polecats wants to talk first?"

—*Quote* (Washington Bureau)

ON A CAMPAIGN TOUR, President Franklin D. Roosevelt was to make a whistle-stop speech in a traditionally Republican town in the center of a drought area. As FDR stepped out on the train platform, a group of farmers moved toward him.

"I know you are having difficulties," said the president, when the somber group gathered around him, "but I want you to know that we in Washington won't let you down. We know that something must be done," he paused dramatically," and we WILL do something!"

At that moment, there was a mighty clap of thunder and rain came pouring down.

On election day, he got the vote.

—E. E. EDGAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WICHITA:
WHERE THE SYMPHONY IS A PUBLIC UTILITY

by PHIL DESSAUER

A FEW MONTHS AGO, two middle-aged women decided to attend a concert of the Wichita, Kansas, Symphony Orchestra, in spite of the fact that they had no tickets. At the main entrance to the East High School auditorium where the orchestra was to play, they were turned back by the chief usher as they tried a genteel gate-crashing act.

The persistent pair then looked around unsuccessfully for side doors. Finally they came back to the entrance and one of them said, "You're still not going to let us in?"

"That's right," the usher replied. "You can't come in without tickets."

"Very well," said the woman haughtily. "We'll just go into the ladies' room. We can hear quite well from there."

Whereupon they marched down the hall and through a door marked "Girls."

Not all of its Wichita fans will go to such lengths to hear a concert, but the Symphony does have a legion of loyal followers in one of the nation's most music-conscious communities. Last year the Wichita Symphony Society, Inc., sold 4,621 season tickets at $5 to $12.20 each—more than any other community orchestra of the American Symphony Orchestra League—and by the end of the season it had nearly 4,000 reservations for the 1956-57 series.

Ticket sales have outstripped its seating capacity, so that each of its six yearly concerts must be given twice, on a Sunday-Monday schedule.

The Symphony might be called a teachers' orchestra, for its 86 players

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

include 48 who are teaching either in the public schools, Wichita or Friends University or in private classes. Being able to find teaching jobs for good musicians has given Wichita a big advantage in attracting key players.

For example, Roger Roller, first oboist, left the Buffalo Philharmonic to teach in the Wichita school system. He puts it like this: "The orchestra players have an interest in Wichita as a place to live. People care about the Symphony here. And personally, I enjoy having a job in music; at Buffalo I was selling shoes on the side."

THE SYMPHONY came into being one day in 1944 when Dick Helt, president of the local musicians' union, called six of his friends to a meeting in the union hall to talk about forming an orchestra. His idea found a ready market; the group promptly wrote letters of invitation to about 80 top musicians in Wichita and nearby communities. Of these, 70 replied, in effect, "When do we start?"

That raised another question: where to rehearse? The organizers talked to Walter Schimmel, managing director of the Lassen Hotel, who said they could use the hotel ballroom. But there was one small catch: the room had to be ready for a Rotary luncheon each Monday and, because of the shortage of hotel help, the tables were set up for Rotary on Saturday.

In order to practice on Sunday, the orchestra would have to move the tables out and then back in after the rehearsal, and see that the place was kept clean. So the musicians sandwiched their first orchestral movements between furniture movements, and polished off each practice with a swishing broomstick number.

To get the Symphony rolling, the players agreed to work the first year without pay. The opening concert was given in January, 1945, before a crowd of 1,100 in the Arcadia Theater, and the Symphony was in business.

The orchestra found a ready appetite for good music, but the budget was an annual bugaboo. After the first few seasons, a debt of $3,500 had accumulated.

Alarmed by the deficit, 300 feminine fans formed the Women's Association and sponsored a "Symphony of Fashion." This prairie Spectacular played three performances and raised $5,300, enabling the Symphony to pay off its debts. The women have been the backbone of the money-raising, ticket-selling activities ever since.

But the No. 1 "angel" of the Symphony is an engineer-businessman-patron named Sam Bloomfield, president of the Swallow Airplane Company. "If I had my way," he says, "everybody in Wichita would have a season ticket to the Symphony."

It is estimated that he and Mrs. Bloomfield have contributed more than $50,000 to the orchestra. They have set up a fund which supports master-classes for string players, imports experts to adjust and repair instruments, awards scholarships to promising young musicians and sponsors a string quartet that now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plays in schools throughout the city.

Three of the original organizers of the Symphony are still with it—Alan Watrous, the business manager; Catherine Lombar, a violin teacher; and Robert Hollowell, head of music at North High School. Miss Lombar plays in the same section with three of her pupils, and the wives of Watrous and Conductor James Robertson sit side by side in the viola section.

The pay scale for the 46 men and 40 women in the orchestra varies from $400 to $500 a season; the first-chair players receive a little more.

Robertson, who is 47, has been conducting orchestras since picking up his father's baton when he was 19. He became head of the orchestra department at Wichita University in 1949 and took over the Symphony in 1950 in addition to his university duties. The thin, wiry little leader is notable for his lack of fiery temperament so often associated with conductors.

In the city-wide campaign to educate a new generation of music-lovers, more than 17,000 children from 85 schools hear the orchestra each year. The players give eight one-hour concerts in a two-day program at East High, while city buses shuttle junior devotees back and forth. Next year the orchestra is planning a series of pop concerts for junior and senior high students, priced at movie-level and featuring symphonic music followed by dancing.

Plans have been proposed for a big municipal building program in Wichita, including a hall suitable for Symphony concerts. The East High auditorium has no dressing quarters, even. When baritone Robert Merrill sang with the Symphony he dressed in a biology classroom and laboratory. During the intermission, he was resting there when a young schoolgirl rushed up to the door. An usher stopped her. "You can't go in now; Mr. Merrill is resting. He'll give you an autograph later."

"Oh, I don't want an autograph," said the girl. "I just want to see how my snake is doing!"

The Easy Way

HEARING that a large industrial firm was planning to move nearby, an enterprising office supply man made plans to secure some business. He got a list of executives and began wining and dining them—each day hoping for an order, but without results. The day before the firm's grand opening he had about given up hope when the phone rang. A company official casually gave a big order to be delivered immediately. The man recovered from his shock to make the delivery on time, and was rewarded with a large daily order.

Later, he ventured to ask which move in his elaborate campaign had proved the clincher. "We never heard of you," he was told. "We picked your name from the classified pages of the telephone book."

—Northwestern Bell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Human Comedy

ASKED HOW things went on his farm last summer, a New Englander replied thoughtfully, "Waal, the gasoline pump and the hot-dog stand didn't pay for the seed the way they used to. I had one consolation though. 'South Pacific' was held over for two weeks in my barn." —GORDON B. STRUNK

ONE SUNDAY morning a group of children in a Pasadena Sunday School class were asked this seeming run-of-the-mill question: "Why did the Pilgrims invite the Indians to the very first Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Because," said one straight-forward thinker, "there wasn't anybody else to invite." —L. B. JONES

A MOBILE CHEST X-RAY UNIT traveled to different parts of the city for a week. On the last day, the attendant noticed a woman whose face seemed familiar.

"Haven't you had an X-ray before?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she replied enthusiastically. "This is my fifth trip, and I can't tell you how much better the treatments are making me feel!"

—BETTY COCHRAN

THEY WERE considering "form" messages at the telegraph center. The problem was to transmit telegrams and cables to servicemen, putting in short wordings all the things soldiers would be most anxiously waiting to hear. One man suggested, "Let's have one reading: 'I am going to have a baby.' Because many a man will be glad to hear that."

Another spoke up, "And let's have one reading: 'I am not going to have a baby'—for the very same reason." —CLINTON PACE

A NEW YORK ANIMAL DEALER should have known better than to pack two woodpeckers in a crate divided by a wooden partition. When the shipment arrived at its destination, the partition had a hole in it and the woodpeckers were together and very happy. —HAROLD HELFER

A COUNTRY PAPER IN IOWA, ever anxious for exclusive news, carried this editorial notice: "We were the first in the state to announce the destruction in Des Moines by fire of the mammoth —— Brothers paint establishment. We are now the first to inform our readers that the report was absolutely without foundation."

—Capper's Weekly

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3 CAME BACK

r-off Korea on a January
y in 1954, 21 American
diers joined a dark and
company. They damned
country and pledged al-
ce to her enemy. With
nds of others they had
ffered freedom to return
after three years in Ko-
prison camps. Instead,
hose to live in Commu-
China. Smiling, uncon-
l, they vanished with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

William Cowart *(standing, left)* **waved a gay farewell in 1954 as he and other turncoats left Korea for Communist China after spurning return to U.S.**

"I'm dead inside. I've suffered too much, I have no feeling. . . . The Man up there understands"

WAS IT attention—fame—even notoriety—that Bill Cowart wanted? No one is sure. Bill doesn't like to talk about it. "I'm dead inside," he says, slowly. "I've suffered too much, I have no feeling." But he does; only it's an inarticulate agony. Sometimes, when he talks about what happened, he chokes up and can't go on.

Today he's a cook in a drive-in restaurant. He'd just as soon not have the name of the town known. He's lost three jobs because his identity was discovered. It's enough to say it's not his hometown of Dalton, Georgia, where they remember him as a moody boy who desperately wanted to be popular and never achieved it, and finally enlisted just before his 16th birthday. Something happened to him in prison camp—something beyond beating and starvation—"What's the use, you wouldn't believe what I'd tell you." It was this that led him to write strange letters home — and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bill, 23, returned with a dishonorable discharge. He was left alone. He couldn't get a job. "Even if a girl wanted to go out with me, her folks wouldn't let her."

choose to be one among 21.

Why did Bill come back? He's vague, claiming he had to fight his way out of China to freedom. He hoped his experiences would help in the fight against communism. But people at home avoided him. So he left.

"I'm not going to ask for sympathy," he says. "I'm not going to squirm on my belly. The Man up there doesn't condemn me."

Bill, who shares a $6-a-week room with another man, was a cook in the Army, too. Often he stays overtime. "When I work, I don't have time to think."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1954, a photographer snapped this photo of Lewis Griggs *(left)* sightseeing in a Communist-dominated Korean town.

He was curious. He wanted adventure. The price he paid will dog him to the end of his days

FOR ALL his 6 foot 2, Lewis Griggs is painfully shy. It's a torment for him to meet your eyes. In Neches, Texas, he was known as a boy who kept to himself. But his embarrassment vanishes, he's like a man possessed, when he talks about his driving ambition: "First thing I'm doing is getting rid of this!" "This" is his dishonorable discharge. Then why did *he* stay? "I was curious. Wanted adventure—" No, it had nothing to do with communism. "They promised us school and travel and no punishment." Then what made him come home? He speaks of the disillusionment, the gruelling farm

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work, the wondering when the promises would be kept. They never were.

When Lewis Griggs enlisted at 17, he planned to make the Army his career. He even won an honor award in training for "outstanding military and academic proficiency." He was a medic in Korea when the Communists captured him in April, 1951. He looks older than 24; and thinks it's the malaria that caused his baldness and aging.

Griggs is pretty much alone now, "but I'm used to it." You must take his word for it that he lives with his brother and widowed mother: they're never around when he's questioned. "They don't want anything to do with it." If pressed, he blurts out, "I'm not going to let anybody push me any farther. I'm going to push myself out all by myself."

He's even written a book about his experiences—a book against communism. When he and the other two came back on July 29, 1955, the Army charged them with preaching communism and informing on their fellow prisoners, and imprisoned them. They were released 103 days later because the Supreme Court ruled the Army lacked jurisdiction.

Lewis still has great dreams. He hopes to study sociology in college. "I want to help people in trouble," he says. "I'd really understand a guy in trouble . . ."

"Dad died before the trouble. He never knew." Griggs often visits his father's grave. Or he finds solace with his pastor, Reverend C. R. Meadows.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the day he chose to stay with his Communist captors, Otho Bell *(right)* seemed to have no regrets. He is seen singing with a Korean soldier just before leaving for China in January, 1954.

He knows some people call him traitor. He hopes they'll understand—and perhaps forgive

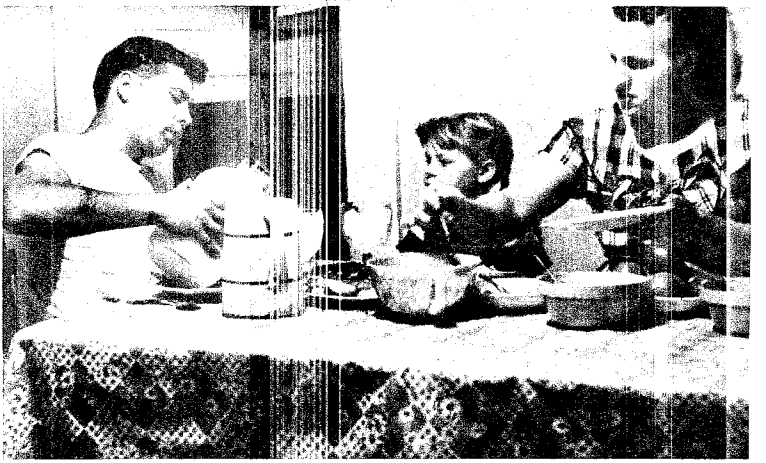
OF THE THREE who came back, only Otho Bell, of Hillsboro, Mississippi, is married. He says he originally remained with the Reds "because I swallowed [Communnist] lies that my wife and daughter were waiting in China for me." Bell—and Bill Cowart and Lewis Griggs—"made a pact to get home or die trying. We had a choice—be Communists or be executed. We preferred to risk death. The gooks finally gave up and let us come home."

He claims he was thrown into jail in China for denouncing communism. He's always felt that people who thought him a traitor would understand, and perhaps forgive, "when they learned my story."

Bell joined his wife, Jewell, and daughter, Paula, in Olympia, Washington, where he got a job in a mushroom canning factory. Some people there didn't want him, he says, but others wrote letters in his defense.

Bell says he's been trailed and harassed by unknown persons whom he suspects are Communists, intent on throt-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Otho Bell, his wife, Jewell, and daughter, Paula, 6, live simply. Until recently, Mrs. Bell worked. She quit to await second child.

tling his outcries against communism. They're his greatest fear, he says.

Not once has he been insulted, says Bell. On his first job the manager said, "I'm not hiring your background. If you can do the work, you have a job."

Because he feels he knows Communist methods, Bell would like to stump the country, warning Americans against the sinister enemy. He hopes he'll be given a chance—"that the future will prove that a man who has sunk to the depths can also rise to the heights." He adds: "God alone should be my judge."

Bell, 25, grew up on a farm, left school in the 8th grade to enlist. He still tends a few crops. He knows some people condemn him—"but they don't know the mental torture that I suffered."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Stunning Explanation of the JACK THE RIPPER

Officially, the sadist who murdered and mutilated ter 68 years the finger of guilt points to an aris-

by RICHARD G. HUBLER

ALL THAT IS ACTUALLY KNOWN about one of the most notorious murderers in criminal history—the mysterious, unpunished killer who called himself Jack the Ripper—is that he appeared from nowhere in the squalid East End of London in 1888. He committed at least seven murders, six within three months. All his victims were prostitutes. All but one were slain by throat-cutting; most were viciously mutilated and some dissected, perhaps vivisected.

He sent a grisly souvenir of his activities—a female kidney—to the police. He scribbled on walls in chalk and the blood of his crimes. He boasted in a note to the newspapers: "This is the fourth. I will murder 16 more and then give myself up. Jack the Ripper."

But he never gave himself up. He vanished as he had appeared and remains a hideous, anonymous red classic in crime.

There are a thousand theories about his identity, his history and motives. One of the weirdest though most plausible—and until now unpublished—was advanced to me by the late Don Wilkie.

Wilkie was a shy little man, once a member of the United States Secret Service of which his father was Chief under Presidents McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and Taft. Wilkie executed many secret missions in Europe during World War I.

His theory about Jack the Ripper seems both logical and irrefutable. And I hereby present it to the critical survey of the Ripperophiles—second only to the Sherlock Holmesians as a cult. . . .

The first Jack the Ripper murder —of Emma Elizabeth Smith, on April 3—was not even noted in the London *Times*. At the inquest, it was reported that the victim had survived 24 hours in the London Hospital. She had vaguely said she was followed, robbed, and bludgeoned by "some men." The weapon used on her appeared to be a blunt instrument.

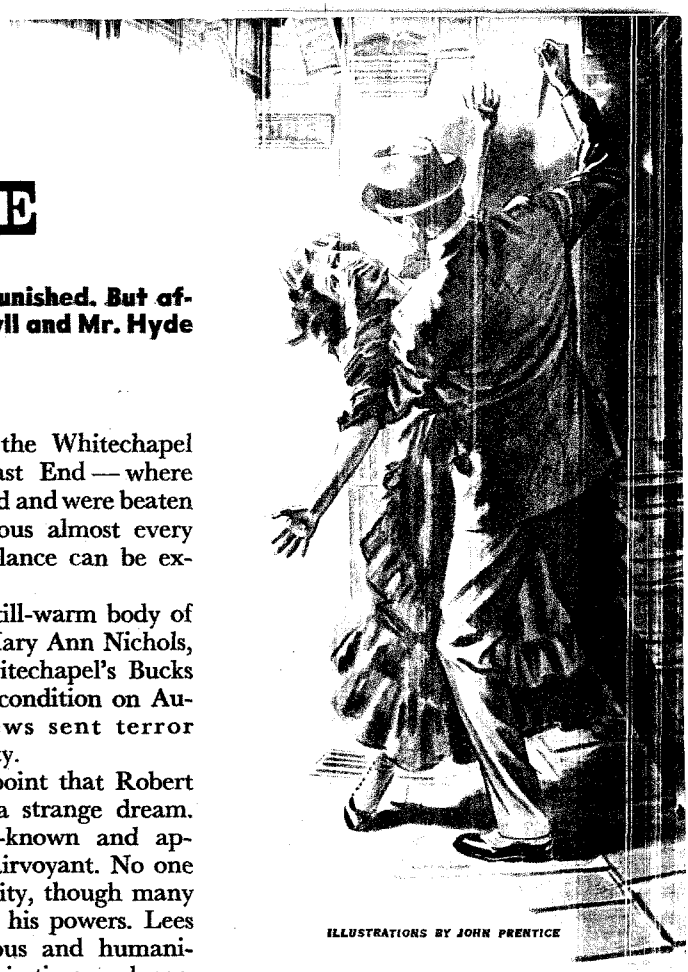
The second victim, Martha Tabram, was found on August 7, her throat cut and bearing 39 additional stabs from a dull knife. "The murderer must have been a perfect savage," said the *Times* account blandly.

Since these killings took place in one of the most sordid spots of Vic-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RIDDLE

women died unpunished. But aftocratic Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN PRENTICE

torian London — the Whitechapel district of the East End — where prostitutes swarmed and were beaten and left unconscious almost every night, the nonchalance can be excused.

But when the still-warm body of a third woman, Mary Ann Nichols, was found in Whitechapel's Bucks Row in a similar condition on August 31, the news sent terror throughout the city.

It was at this point that Robert James Lees had a strange dream. Lees was a well-known and apparently gifted clairvoyant. No one doubted his sincerity, though many did not believe in his powers. Lees was highly religious and humanitarian; much of his time and personal fortune was devoted to working among the poor of the Whitechapel district.

In Lees' dream, what he termed his spiritual "control" told him that Jack the Ripper would mutilate another victim near a certain police station; and that he was to be instrumental in "stopping these murders."

Next morning, Lees found the dream written down in his own hand on a pad by his bedside. He did not recall doing it, but he was used to these manifestations of automatic writing. He believed implicitly in his vision and wrote a long letter to Scotland Yard. He received no acknowledgement, for at that time thousands of crackpot letters were pouring in.

On September 8, on Hanbury Street, the fourth victim was discovered. She was Annie Chapman,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a pretty little housewife turned streetwalker. This time the murderer had increased the frenzy of his technique—he had completely eviscerated the woman—and the police theory definitely shifted from a murderous gang of pimps to a lunatic of the "most fiendish character."

In this, as well as in the third murder, the weapon was "a thin, sharp, narrow blade at least six to eight inches in length . . . used with anatomical knowledge." Nevertheless, the police were positive that all the deaths were interrelated: that the murderer, in fact, was getting more expert and gaining more pleasure from his crimes.

And since the Chapman murder was committed at roughly the same spot that Lees had designated, two inspectors visited him. One dismissed Lees' explanation as moonshine. The other, a strongly religious man, listened with attention. Lees was exonerated from complicity and the police—on the theory that any help was better than none—asked him to keep them informed if he had any more psychic clues.

He did. In another letter to Scotland Yard he stated that, sitting in his study, he "seemed to see two persons, a man and a woman, walking down the length of a mean street. I followed them with my mind's eye and saw them enter a narrow court . . . There was a gin palace near the court, ablaze with light . . . I saw the man and woman enter a dark corner. The woman was half-drunk. The man was perfectly sober and dressed in a dark suit of Scotch tweed. He carried a light overcoat on his arm and wore a light felt hat. His bright blue eyes glittered . . . .

"The man threw his light overcoat gently on the ground, laid his cane on it and put one hand over the woman's mouth . . . the man drew a knife from his inside vest pocket and cut the woman's throat. The blood streamed over his shirtfront. He held his hand over her mouth until she fell to the ground. He then inflicted sundry gashes on her with his knife. These were delivered in a scientific manner. He then tore off a piece of the woman's clothes to wipe his knife with, and, putting on his light overcoat, he buttoned it up so as to hide his shirtfront—after which he walked calmly away from the scene."

THE FIFTH murder—that of Elizabeth "Long Liz" Stride in Berner Street, a narrow court entered through a large pair of wooden gates, overlooked by an upper-story, brightly-lighted set of rooms called the International Workmen's Educational Club—agreed with Lees' vision in almost every detail.

Lees' "gin palace," however, was the meeting of the club to discuss "the necessity for Socialism among the Jews." (A curious addition to this may be noted in the sixth murder. Near the body was scrawled in chalk: "The Juwes are not the men that will be blamed for nothing.")

The clairvoyant was as shaken as were the police. Though they undoubtedly suspected him, he was allowed to go to the Continent for several weeks' rest. By the time he returned, he was exonerated: Jack the Ripper had struck again.

The body of Catharine Eddowes,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

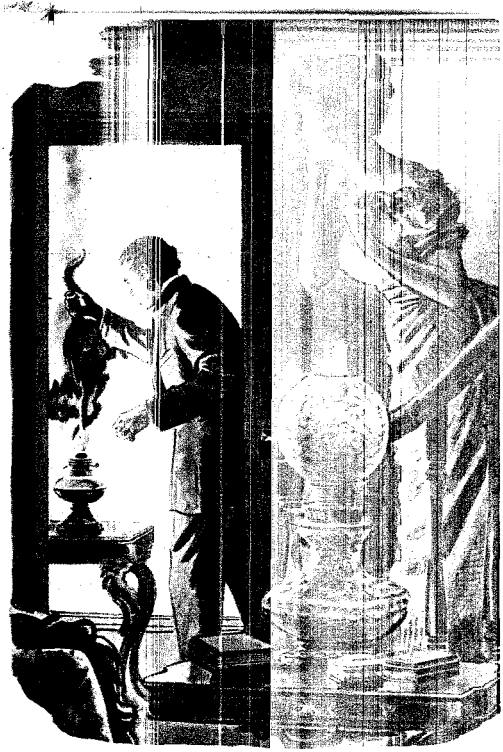
the sixth victim, was found in Mitre Square on September 30. Her throat was cut, her face gashed and "there were other indescribable mutilations . . . in the lower part of the body."

The Jews were already suspect—the chalk inscription had been rubbed out hastily "to prevent a riot"—and Americans were regarded askance because of a similar series of murders that had taken place in Texas a year before.

Communications received from Jack the Ripper were reported to be "of a brutal character." These consisted of a letter and a card sent to the Central News Agency and forwarded to the police. In the letter, the writer confessed his crimes and said that in his "next job" he would prove it by "clipping the lady's ears off" and sending them in "just for jolly." He jocularly asked that his note be withheld until he had done "a bit more work."

Four days later, the postcard signed by "Jack the Ripper" was received. It ran: "I was not codding, dear old Boss, when I gave you the tip. You'll hear about Saucy Jacky's work tomorrow. Double event this time. Number One squealed a bit; couldn't finish straight off. Had not time to get ears for police. Thanks for keeping last letter back till I got to work again." It was dated October 1.

Two weeks later, a member of the Whitechapel Vigilance Committee named Lusk, assigned to the case, got a letter accompanied by a small cardboard box. The letter read: "From Hell, Mr. Lusk. Sir, I send you half the kidne I took from one woman, prasarved it for you . . . I may send you the bloody knif that took it out if you only wate while longer. Catch me when you can, Mr. Lusk."



She stared in silent horror as her husband held the mewing cat closer to the flame.

Lusk skeptically took the shriveled bit of flesh to a medical man who declared it was a "longitudinally-divided" human kidney belonging to a 40- to 45-year-old woman who drank heavily, and that it had been removed within the last three weeks. This description fitted Eddowes—and her left kidney had been missing. (The threatened gift of the ears never turned up as far as is known.)

Lees entered the case once more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scotch tweeds and a felt hat were the dream clues to the slayer's identity.

when, while having supper with Ronald B. Shaw and Fred C. Beckwith, he suddenly bent over with a severe case of cramps. He turned his agonized face toward his companions and blurted: "Jack the Ripper! He's doing murder again!"

Shaw looked at his watch. It was 7:49 P.M.

The trio hailed a hackney cab and drove to Scotland Yard. While they were relating what had happened, the report came in that at 7:50 a constable had discovered the body of Mary Jane Kelly in Miller's Court.

Lees and his companions went directly to the spot with the police. As they entered in the dark, Lees said hoarsely: "Look in the angle of the wall!"

A light was struck. Scrawled in chalk they read: "Seventeen. Jack the Ripper."

From then on, Lees devoted his time to discovering the murderer. One day, while riding on a bus with his wife, he received the same chilly foreboding that had plagued him before. At Notting Hill a man in dark Scotch tweeds and a light overcoat got in. Lees gripped his wife's arm and whispered: "That's Jack the Ripper!"

She told him not to be silly.

At the Marble Arch, the man got out. Lees left his wife and followed. He stopped the first policeman he saw and tried to have him arrest the man. The officer laughed at him. Lees saw the man hail a cab and drive off down Piccadilly.

Lees' report intrigued the police but did not help them much. They already had a hatful of descriptions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Jack the Ripper—and not one tallied with another.

But the murder of the 24-year-old Kelly girl was particularly gruesome. Jack the Ripper was clearly approaching a climax in his orgy of blood and lust, for each slaying had been more terrible and depraved than the one preceding.

Faced with the prospect of more, Scotland Yard, willing to try anything, however farfetch[illegible], assigned an inspector and a coup[illegible] officers to accompany Lees on [illegible] of the strangest walking-tours [illegible] history of London.

Lees was convinced that his psychic powers were keyed up enough to enable him to locate the hiding-place of the sadistic mass murderer. And until four o'clock in the morning they walked the streets. The clairvoyant held his head high, turning it in one direction and another, trying to follow the instinct which guided him. The others dogged his footsteps, without hope.

Abruptly, at the gate of a West End mansion, Lees stopped. He pointed up to a dimly-lit window.

"Your man is in there," he said in a dry whisper.

The inspector was staggered. This was the house of a famous surgeon noted for his skill: more than that, a man rumored to be related to the royal family of England. He demanded that Lees describe the inner hall of the house.

Lees composedly replied: "A high porter's chair of black oak on the right, at the end a stained glass window—with a large mastiff asleep beneath it."

They roused the servants and entered the hall—exactly as Lees had described it with the exception of the mastiff. The housekeeper admitted she had just let the dog out into the garden in the rear.

The inspector talked with the doctor's wife in the drawing room. She admitted that her husband was away from home at the times of the Jack the Ripper murders; that he often threatened her; and that she was convinced that he was of unsound mind.

The doctor himself—a tall, blue-eyed, austere, dignified man whose first name was John—was wakened and questioned. He voluntarily informed the inspector that he often found himself away from his office but he could not recall where he had been. On two occasions he had recovered his memory to find himself sitting in his room—as if roused from a stupor—his shirt-front bloody or his face scratched.

A search of the house uncovered the Scotch tweeds, soft felt hat and light overcoat. The doctor, finally convinced of his own guilt, demanded that the Scotland Yard men kill him at once. "I cannot live with a monster!" he cried.

The doctor was placed under arrest and his past record probed. This revealed that while a medical student at Guy's Hospital, he was a devotee of the art of vivisection. Pain seemed to give him pleasure: he appeared to be both a masochist and sadist.

Testifying before the Alienist Commission, his wife declared: "He was an excellent father (he had a young son) and husband in his normal moods and one of the gentlest

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of men . . ." But she added, "One night when I went upstairs I remembered that I had left my watch on the drawing-room mantelpiece. I descended the stairs; as I approached the drawing-room I heard the sound of a cat mewing.

"Looking through the door . . . I was horrified to see my husband holding a cat over the flame of the lamp. I was too frightened to do anything but retreat."

What made her willing to give her testimony was fear for herself and their son.

The verdict of the Commission was unanimous. The doctor was certified as a dangerous lunatic and sent to an asylum. His number was 124. It is rumored that an empty coffin reposes in his name in the family vault of a London cemetery.

Wilkie's theory draws a good deal of support from the London *Times* files for 1888 and the files of the *Daily Express* for 1931, the year of Lees' death. His own investigations covered the police reports and confidential files. But whether his contentions are true—or even warranted—is a question that cannot be concluded at this remove of 68 years from that reign of terror.

What was the terrible animus Jack the Ripper had against prostitutes? Wilkie theorized that he had probably been infected by a prostitute with syphilis, then an incurable and ravaging disease. This theory has been advanced by other Ripperophiles, as well. In any event, Jack the Ripper never touched a respectable woman.

One final set of facts may be added to Wilkie's account. The rewards offered for the apprehension of Jack the Ripper totaled more than $150,000. No one knows if they were paid or, if they were, to whom. But at the death of Lees it was disclosed that he had been received more than once at the palace by Queen Victoria. And it has been rumored that he received an annual Privy Purse pension of about $7,500 "for many years."

Noticeable

WITHOUT A DOUBT, the loudest noise in the world is the first rattle in your new car. —EARL WILSON

GOVERNMENT is like a stomach: if it's doing its work right you will hardly realize you've got one. —*Nuggets*

TWENTY YEARS AGO lots of folks dreamed of earning the salary they can't get along on today. —*Grit*

YOU'LL NOTICE that the fire department never fights fire with fire. —*Elizabethtown* (Kentucky) *News*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AFRICA'S UGLY PRIMA DONNA

It's the rhino—a creature of comic opera temperament—who may do anything, from derailing a train or tackling an elephant—to falling asleep in the midst of a charge

by REED MILLARD

A TRAIN rumbling along the tracks in Kenya came to a sudden crashing stop, then plunged off the rails. While stunned passengers crawled out, the cause of it all shook herself and calmly walked away. The train had been derailed by the charge of an angry lady rhinoceros.

By this surprising feat, the mighty rhino proved not only the savage power in its two-ton bulk, but its right to be called the most temperamental beast on earth. It is a distinction shared by both male and female alike.

Sometimes friendly and docile, these ponderous denizens of Africa, second largest land animal on earth, will, for no apparent reason, go into a mad charge, hurling themselves against anything momentarily considered an enemy. Rhinos have thus attacked trucks, bands of elephants, and even, on one occasion, an artillery detachment, upsetting and trampling field guns.

For sheer all-around ugliness, the rhino is unsurpassed by any other beast. His hideous face, outlandish horns, rough skin and ungainly body, too big for his tiny feet, make him seem to belong among the monstrosities from earth's biological past.

Nature appears to have slipped up badly in designing the rhino's skin. It looks as if it had been cast off from some still larger beast, for it is definitely too big, hanging in great sagging folds. In this respect, however, the African rhino is somewhat better tailored than his Asiatic cousin.

He is equipped with one of nature's most fearsome weapons, his large central horn. This anatomical marvel reaches awesome proportions. The record horn of a black rhino actually measured 53½ inches and a white rhino topped even that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with a horn that was five feet long.

A rhino's horn does not grow out of his skull, as might be supposed, but is attached rather loosely to his scalp. And, oddly enough, it is not made of bone at all, but of tightly compressed hairs. Nevertheless, it is hard enough to remain unbroken even in a charge against a solid object.

THOUGH it is his most effective weapon, the rhino's horn has led to the near extinction of the breed. For this curious horn has, for centuries, been credited with marvelous medicinal powers. European monarchs once prized it when made into a drinking cup, for they believed that it would ward off poisons.

Because of this and also because their bad tempers hamper their mating, the rhino's numbers have dwindled until in many areas of Africa where thousands once roamed now only hundreds are left.

Surprisingly, the horn has an odd weakness. If a bullet hits the tip of it, the rhino goes down, knocked out cold, and remains so for about six seconds.

Zoologists explain that a hard, sharp blow, such as that provided by the bullet, is transmitted directly to his brain, with the resultant knock-out. Harder, but less sharp, blows are somehow absorbed by the horn.

This strange vulnerability of his horn is in startling contrast to the rhino's incredible toughness. A rhino with one leg so badly damaged by shots that it was dragging uselessly was tracked for miles. Another, afterwards found to be riddled with bullets, ran for a third of a mile before even slowing down.

For all his massive build and great weight, the rhino is surprisingly agile, getting about with what one astonished naturalist described as "the ease of a polo pony." He moves, too, with an amazing swiftness for his size and weight.

His wicked horn and his speed would make him a formidable enough opponent even if he behaved like other animals, which he doesn't. For hours, the leaf-eating rhino will graze peacefully among other animals. Then, with no warning, and without visible provocation, he will suddenly charge a zebra or a giraffe with which he has just been on the best of terms. If this quarry gets away, he may turn upon any other animal that happens to be within reach.

Such a sudden rhino attack looks like an explosion, as animals scatter wildly in all directions. A few hours later, they may drift back together and the rhino will move peaceably among them, showing no sign of belligerence.

Why a rhino makes these seemingly senseless charges is a question. Carl Akeley, the noted African animal photographer, says, "The rhino just goes crazy drunk and runs amok."

Akeley has reason for that statement, for he has been pursued many times.

Hugh Stanton, a veteran explorer, maintains that the charge is a product of unreasoning panic. "When a rhino appears to be charging," he says, "he actually thinks he's running away from a danger.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He just doesn't know where he's going."

Those who hold to this view point out that the rhino's eyesight is so poor that he is unable to see clearly anything distant; hence he can not really see the men or other animals he races toward with such apparent purposefulness.

Many experts agree that nothing short of being wounded is so likely to send a rhino into a charge as to have something get between him and a waterhole. Then he goes berserk, charging madly at whatever is in his path. Hunters have seen thirsty rhinos lunge into herds of elephants.

A bull rhino is a fearsome pursuer, but a mother rhino may be worse. The mother tends her baby with unusual affection long after he is perfectly capable of fending for himself. If any danger, real or fancied, appears, she hurries to put herself between it and her offspring. With total disregard for consequences, she will charge any menace.

The rhino's most startling display of prima donna temperament often is shown after he has begun a charge. One, noticing the zoologist Ken Scott, Jr., sitting in a giant fig tree, rushed toward him. Acting on impulse, Scott, who was unarmed, turned his flashlight on the rhino. Thereupon the animal started rushing wildly about until he finally disappeared.

"Incredible though it seemed," observed Scott, "the mighty beast was plainly scared stiff."

Scientists and hunters have reported rhinos driven off by being hit with tossed stones. One rhino charging a man suddenly stopped and stood pawing the ground in front of a large bush. Lowering his head, he charged the bush and trampled it under foot. After looking at it blearily for a moment, he trotted off with the air of a conqueror.

But almost beyond explanation is the curious behavior of a rhino chasing a hunter whose gun was being carried by a gunbearer. Suddenly the earth-shaking sounds of pursuit ceased and the hunter, after hiding behind a bush, stole a glance over his shoulder, then stared in disbelief. His mighty pursuer stood stock still, his head drooping—sound asleep!

What U and I Can Do

(Answers to quiz on page 67)

1. defy—deIfy; 2. hose—hoUse; 3. morn—moUrn; 4. cold—coUld; 5. pant—paInt; 6. more—moIre; 7. pose—poIse; 8. lose—loUse; 9. runs—ruIns; 10. alas—alIas; 11. gong—goIng; 12. fans—faUns; 13. bond—boUnd; 14, sops—soUps; 15. nose—noIse; 16. lads—laUds; 17. shed—shIed; 18. fond—foUnd; 19. bats—baIts; 20. host—hoIst; 21. pals—paIls; 22. hers—heIrs; 23. pans—paIns; 24. dose—doUse; 25. gaze—gaUze; 26. most—moIst; 27. chef—chIef; 28. sped—spIed; 29. pars—paIrs; 30. maze—maIze; 31. pots—poUts; 32. moth—moUth; 33. rose—roUse; 34. dong—doIng; 35. case—caUse; 36. wave—waIve; 37. tots—toUts; 38. pond—poUnd; 39. rots—roUts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROY SCHATT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Strange James Dean Death Cult

by HERBERT MITGANG

He skyrocketed to film fame . . . then suddenly perished in a crash . . . now thousands of teen-agers have made a religion of his memory—and many even believe he'll be "resurrected"

AS DUSK FELL on September 30, 1955, a low-slung silver Porsche Spyder sports car, a large 130 painted on its side, was roaring along Highway 466 near Paso Robles, California. At the wheel of this $7,000 worth of gleaming metal and supercharged motor was James Dean, 24, actor; beside him, Rolf Weutherich, German auto mechanic. They were headed for the races at Salinas.

At the intersection of Highway 41, a car driven by Donald Turnupseed, a college student, made a left turn and the two vehicles met head-on. The student and the mechanic survived. The actor, who owned the racing car, died on the way to a hospital in Paso Robles.

The State Highway Patrol, which had ticketed Dean for speeding near Bakersfield less than two hours before the crash, made the startling revelation that he must have driven his car all the way at an average speed of nearly 75 miles an hour.

And with that, the James Dean legend began.

Strange things have happened since the day this talented young actor lost his life. The number of his fans and the steady requests for photographs and other Dean memorabilia have gone far beyond normal expectations; the pictures in which he appeared are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

today considered hot properties; and he still receives the adulation of thousands of teen-agers.

This fall, what is supposed to be his greatest movie achievement, portraying the character Jett Rink, Texas oil tycoon, in Edna Ferber's *Giant*, will be released. And Warner Brothers, Dean's home studio, will not be too surprised if he receives the first posthumous Academy Award for acting.

These are credible things. But the fantastic climax of the Dean legend is the oft-repeated rumor, perpetuated by movie columnists, which calls for the resurrection of James Dean himself, in person, alive. According to this weird story, first given currency in a gossip column, when Dean crashed, his face was badly mutilated. Since then, he has been in hiding, undergoing facial repairs. Someone else supposedly was buried in his place; and when *Giant* is released, Dean, almost as good as new, will reappear.

THE LIVING DEAN was complex enough without any such embellishments. To some, he seemed a less mumbling imitation of Marlon Brando—an honor graduate of the black leather jacket and motorcycle jackboots school of acting and living it up. To others, he was a lovable, albeit moody, young man who liked animals, his profession and young people. To those who judged him by his films and television appearances, he was the rebel without a cause, the misunderstood delinquent—but, in any case, an actor of talent.

The facts of his brief life perhaps cast light on his strange afterlife.

James Byron Dean was born in Marion, Indiana, on February 8, 1931. His father was a dental technician at a Veterans Administration Hospital. When his mother died in 1940, Jimmy was sent back to Fairmount, Indiana, to live on a farm with his aunt and uncle.

All through his high school days he was respected as an athlete and character actor in the dramatic society. He left Indiana after high school to live with his father in Los Angeles.

There, Dean first enrolled at Santa Monica Junior College as a physical education major, also participating in dramatics and announcing on the school's FM station. "Just for the hell of it," he said, "I signed up for a pre-law course at the University of California in Los Angeles." But he was kicked out of a campus fraternity for "busting a couple of guys in the nose," and this ended his brief college career.

Physically, Dean was of medium height and on the slim side. He had poor vision and usually looked in need of a barber.

Encouraged by actor James Whitmore, he obtained bit parts in a Hollywood television play and in two films, then with a few hundred dollars in his pockets embarked for Broadway by bus. There he got a few small parts on TV and patrolled the streets of midtown Manhattan West in the uniform of the day for the young actor: suntans, white sneakers, polo shirt and sports jacket, plus the hungry look. Aloneness and a resonant voice were the hallmarks of Jimmy and his friends.

When Dean went broke, he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

learned that the owner of a sloop had theatrical connections, and applied for the job of a sailor. This calculated scheming—so unlike the simple farm boy he has been pictured—paid off. Dean was interviewed for a part in *See the Jaguar,* which opened on Broadway in December, 1952. Although the play closed after a week, he had been noticed. A year later he was in a second Broadway play, *The Immoralist,* in the role of an unpleasant, blackmailing Arab boy.

Of his acting skill, there was no question. He won Broadway's Donaldson and Perry Awards as the most promising young actor. Then Warner Brothers gave him a screen test for *East of Eden* and he was on his way to stardom. His reputation was enhanced by his second picture, *Rebel Without a Cause.*

It was more for Dean's peculiar behavior than his one Broadway success that he is remembered in New York, where he seemed well on the way to becoming a character. Or an adolescent, depending on how one looked at his strange, self-centered behavior.

"Jimmy was beautifully nuts," says a photographer friend of his. "He could make you dislike him and like him at the same sitting."

A young actress, fascinated by his antics, recalls, "He would do anything to attract attention. Yet he could be kind and attentive, if he was in the mood, or he could be sullen and enraged."

A veteran actress who worked with him took a less sympathetic view of Dean's antics. "He was thoroughly unprofessional and unreliable—a selfish little boy," she says. At the same time, she admits that she disliked him but respected his acting ability.

Perhaps this attitude toward life which brought Dean mixed notices as a person and personality was best explained by Jimmy himself once: "Acting is to me the most logical way for people's neuroses to manifest themselves. Actors act so that they may express the fantasies in which they have involved themselves. The problem for this cat is not to get lost."

In Hollywood, Henry Ginsberg, co-producer of *Giant,* said of Dean: "In 16 months of film acting he left a more lasting impression on the public than many stars do in 30 years. Jimmy was a perfectionist in everything he attempted. His manner of approach to the role of Jett Rink is an example. Jimmy learned to rope cattle, ride horseback and play a guitar. He didn't have to do any of these in the picture. Yet he felt he could obtain a deeper understanding this way."

The startling aspect of the Dean story is not so much the life as the afterlife. Even the professionals in the industry are surprised. Occasionally, some personality comes along whose proportions are so magnificent or whose magnetism is so compelling that he becomes the object of posthumous worship. Exactly 30 years ago, this happened with a man named Rudolph Valentino, the old sheik. It is happening again with Dean.

"A curious case of juvenile frustration, sex-substitution and hero-worship running like electrical lines

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into a centrally convenient fusebox," is the way a New York psychologist sums up the Dean phenomenon.

To most Dean cultists, it really doesn't matter by this time whether Dean is around. Indeed, many of his "new" fans do not know that he died in an accident while challenging the speed laws. People see his movies and conceive of him as alive.

His studio reports that he gets more fan mail and requests for photographs than such stalwarts as James Stewart, John Wayne and Spencer Tracy. At the time of his death he received a few hundred letters monthly; today they arrive at the rate of 5,000. The letters themselves attain rare levels of intimacy and desire.

A television program that ran a tribute to Dean received this letter from a club formed in his honor: "Everyone who joins the club is so happy. They write the club to tell how good it makes them feel inside, how it brings inner peace. We can't accomplish anything by it but his faith is spreading. It is just wonderful meeting people who love Jimmy so much and want to keep him alive in their hearts always."

There are other evidences of this strange afterlife. A souvenir shop in New York exhibits amateurish oil paintings of Dean that sell for from $40 to $200 apiece. Another store bills a long, wicked-looking knife as "The James Dean Special." On the West Coast, a couple bought the wreck of Dean's car and put it on display at 50¢ admission.

Besides these macabre touches, there are serious efforts to perpetuate the Dean memory and legend. Pilgrimages are made to Fairmount, where the actor is buried. At the funeral, 600 people crowded the Quaker Friends Church while 3,000 stood outside.

On the 30th of each month, the day he crashed, flowers are put on his grave, anonymously. On his posthumous 25th birthday, 40 baskets and bouquets were found there.

ALL THIS naturally leads to the question: What is the special appeal of this darkling youth whose star fell in a crashing twilight? To discover the answer, one must listen not so much to colleagues as to ordinary fans. For it is among them that the Dean of fact and fancy still lives.

Hear, then, the 16-year-old president of a James Dean fan club with nearly 200 members ranging in age from 14 to 70. She is a high school student, and listening to her pleasing voice with its surprising levels of sensitivity, one learns about Dean's appeal—and the public to whom he appeals:

"I started out following Jimmy's career when I was 14—I was only a kid then. My girl friend and I would come to New York to see the TV stars. We'd go to the Cromwell Drugstore in the RCA Building where the actors would be sitting before the shows. We'd go up and get their autographs. My girl friend and I noticed Jimmy. He looked so nice. He was so sweet. He smiled at us. I never thought of him as a grownup, more as a friend, like us, but a boy. *He would talk to us even though we weren't anybody.*

"Oh, the disgusting things they've said about him. That he was rude.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But he was sweet and gentle. He was natural. I went to see all his pictures about 20 times.

"I don't like to talk about his accident. My girl friends and I were planning to come to see him when he came to New York. We wanted to see if he would recognize us because we were kids then, but we're big now. This other girl friend of mine, she can't speak a month after the accident, she can't concentrate in school. There's this other girl friend who hasn't done anything, and hardly eats or sleeps since Jimmy died. She dates an older man.

"Jimmy dated a lot of girls but he wasn't serious about any of them. Except Pierre Ann-jelly (Pier Angeli). She jilted Jimmy. I hate her. A girl friend of mine found out where she was staying in New York. My girl friend tripped her in the lobby for what she did to Jimmy.

"A lot of boys I know don't like Jimmy. But they respect him. He's so different from the boys in high school. He did what he wanted to do. *If he didn't want to do something, he didn't.* Nobody bossed him. At all those Hollywood parties, he didn't dress up. Nobody told him what to wear.

"I hate all boys compared to Jimmy. I keep looking for him in other boys. He was intelligent and smart. He spoke so softly. I don't know, he was just perfect, like in his pictures. He wasn't too tall or too short. He didn't talk like a hep cat. When you were with Jimmy you knew he was listening to you when you spoke. He was conscious you were there.

"I don't like to talk about the accident. I don't think he was going as fast as the papers say. Maybe he wasn't the one who was driving, I heard it was someone who was with him.

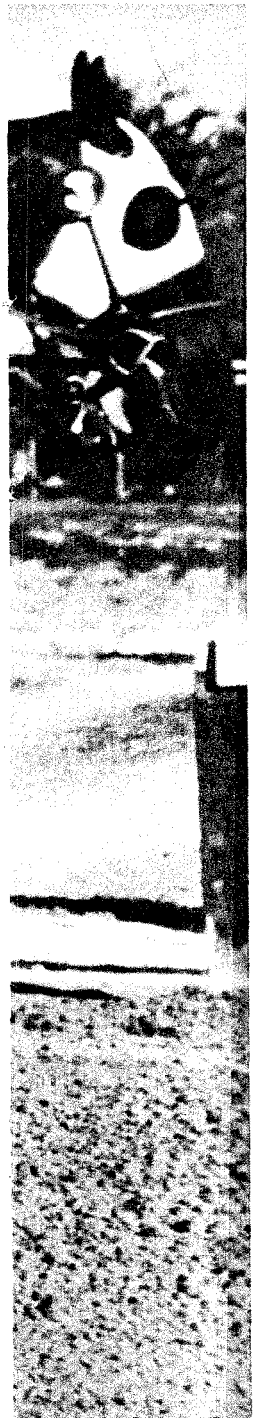
"Is Jimmy still alive? I've heard that, but I don't think so. I don't think he would want to make so many girls suffer as much as we still do pining for him."

Modern Mechanics

A PROUD FATHER, with an automotive turn of mind, announced the arrival of a new born son, as follows: "Weight, eight pounds, seven ounces; wheel base, 21 inches; lighting equipment, bright blue head lamps with automatic dimmers; frame, well balanced, strong, flexible, well reinforced; body, rubber mounting for safety, well insulated, will not rattle or squeak; finish, shellpink; horn, high-frequency vibrator type—loudest when fuel tank is empty; top, well-rounded front and back, golden glint covering; fuel, gravity feed, four-ounce tank, centrally located; clutch, easy slip type, positive release, improves with age; circulating system, self-cooling, water jacket, self-contained; special equipment, kiddy-koop, safety pins, Q-tips, talcum and many other standard extras." —*Nuggets*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For millions of Americans the "Sport of Kings" is a serious business sans glamor

TENSION AT THE TRACK

by JAMES A. SKARDON

RISKING ONE'S MONEY is a serious business, no matter what the enterprise. But it is doubtful if anyone takes the risk more seriously than the millions of hopeful Americans who each year bet more than $2,000,000,000 on horse races. There is, of course, color, glamor and excitement at the track. Yet most of this—except for the pulse-punishing tension—is lost on the average fan. He sees only one horse in the race—the one he has bet on—and a gilded image of a pyramiding bank roll. As a result, his day consists of an agonizing ritual. Here is how he performs it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

Bettor's tools: program, tip sheets, money, tickets, pencil, binoculars, and Racing Form to check records.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The faces are varied, but the expressions similar as each shows the strain of having to sift the welter of whispered tips and random information and reach a de-

WHICH HORSE? The tempo and the strain increase as the time for decision approaches. There are a lot of factors to consider—the distance, the opposition, the weights the horses are carrying, track conditions, the jockey and dozens of other variables in the win-lose equation. In the end, the average bettor, a superstitious being, ignores the facts and plays a horse because he likes its name or has dreamed it would win.

One woman feels as if she is being strangled. The other chews her fingernails. It's their reaction to the giant "tote" board, with its changing odds.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cision that could well make or break the day.

Few average bettors know how to use the complicated form charts offered for sale. And even the experts manage to pick winners only 30 per cent of the time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Age, sex, economic status make little difference. What used to be the "Sport of Kings" now belongs to everyone, as people from all walks of life flock to the track and, by their numbers, make horse racing one of our biggest spectator sports.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gathering at the paddock, where the horses are displayed, many fans pick their favorite strictly for appearance—as in a beauty contest—and hope for the best.

THE STRING OF TIME draws taut. Bets made, the fans move from the windows back to their seats. And now a faceless voice speaks, "The horses are going to the post!" Bettors who were so certain moments before are suddenly plagued with doubts. But it is too late. The voice barks, "They're off!" And the horses leap from the starting gate, with their jockeys clinging to their necks as the mad scramble for position begins.

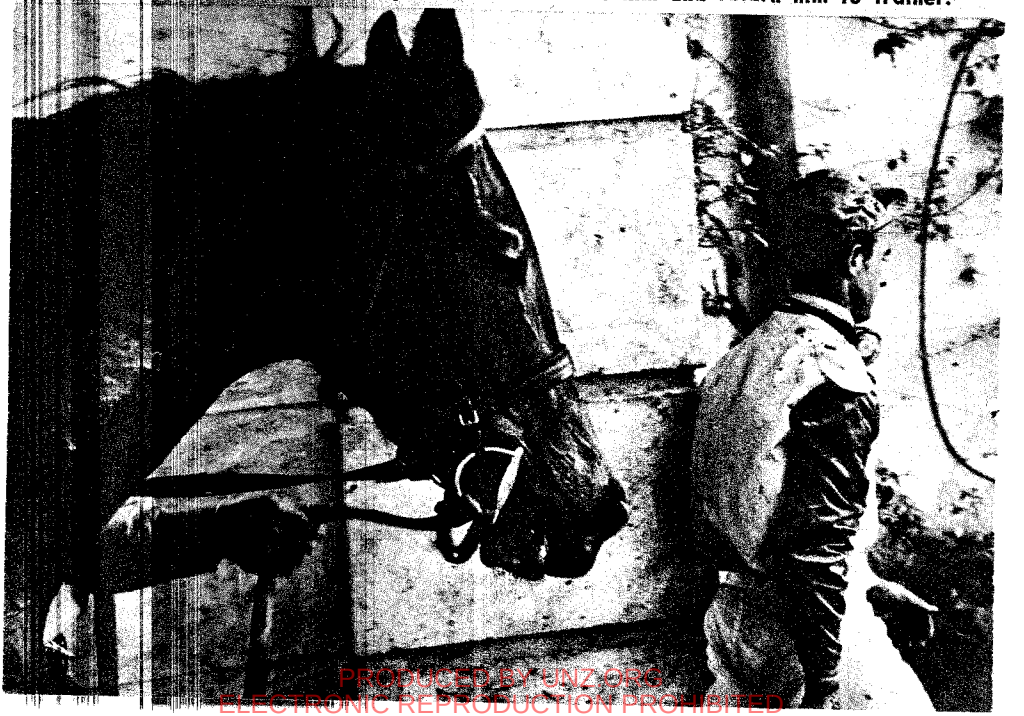
Feet stamping and programs waving, some urge on their choice, shouting, "Go! go! go!" Others stand and watch silently, waiting for the results.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The anxiety is ended and hope is rewarded—a winner collects.

THE RACE is over, and the clamor and action subside. Lucky tickets are kissed. Losing tickets are crumpled. Winners brag—even to strangers — while with perspiring hands they count their money and make the day's reckoning. Now the lucky coin or the rabbit's foot is put away, fingers are uncrossed and "systems" re-evaluated against another day. For, whether he won or lost, the true racing fan will be back. He cannot stay away, despite the wear and tear on his nerves and the inevitable conclusion —you can't beat the horses.

His job is done. With veins bulging and nostrils flaring, the horse is led to the paddock by his jockey, who will unsaddle him and return him to trainer.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Small Businesses You Can Start —on a Shoestring

by BERNARD GEIS

They are in the new booming field of service, require little capital, little experience and promise big futures

WHAT ARE the chances of starting a small business today, and making money at it?

"Excellent—if you choose the right type of business," says Franklin Elias, president of the Coastal Commercial Corporation of New York City, which makes upwards of $25,000,000 a year in loans to new business enterprises.

The specific area of business that Mr. Elias believes will be the money-maker during the next five or ten years is *service,* the performing of any useful function for offices, factories or homes. It can be a repair service, an advisory service or any of a number of types.

A service business, today, is a "hot" field for the newcomer, and is apt to be even better as time goes on. "Because," Mr. Elias explains, "it requires comparatively little money to launch and ties up a minimum of the investment in fixed assets. More important, spiraling overhead is going to prove an increasing headache for more and more firms. They will find that, rather than employ people full time to perform various routine functions, they can cut down overhead by utilizing an outside service. A small business performing such a function for 30 or 40 different companies can do so more cheaply than those companies can do it for themselves."

Strangely enough, a service business is the one type least able to utilize the services of a financing company such as Coastal Commercial Corporation. Coastal does the bulk of its lending in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the fields of electronics, metal-working and sub-contracting of various kinds.

For someone with more ambition than capital, a service business is ideal. The following list will give you a line on some of the most profitable operations of this type, and at the same time offer you a general pattern of procedure for other kinds of service businesses not mentioned.

BONDED BABY-SITTERS, INC. Here's a service for which there is a steady demand. Result: the field has become crowded. Solution: find a fresh approach.

Since confidence is the key factor in a service where parents must trust their precious offspring to a stranger or near-stranger, Franklin Elias suggests creating an organization of "Bonded Baby-Sitters." The most modest of offices will suffice, or you can operate from your home.

You can build up a list of baby-sitters, via classified advertising and other means, fairly readily. For about $200 a year, you can have 15 part-time employees bonded. Almost anyone can qualify for a bond. Those who can't would certainly not be wanted on your list.

Play up the "bonded" idea in soliciting customers. Call on families in the community, churches and the PTA. Check the birth announcements and follow them up about four months later. The added promotional plus of "Our Bond Is Your Protection" will give you all the competitive edge you need in what can develop into quite a profitable business over a period of time.

MESSENGERS, INC. Here, again, a newcomer with a fresh approach can get a foothold. The trick, Mr. Elias suggests, is to make a study of the habits and needs of several dozen firms in a single neighborhood. You will find that some of them send a messenger to the bank every day, others have to make daily deliveries to several regular customers, and so on. Office and factory managers will be glad to give you this information if you explain you are trying to save them money.

Work out a series of routes enabling you to handle all of the deliveries with just a few messengers, make allowances for the fact that you're not going to get all the business you go after no matter how attractive your price—and then make your pitch. Your rate should be much lower than the cost of their own or a conventional outside delivery service.

Once you secure enough accounts to get started, hire the cheapest reasonably competent messengers you can find—and you're in business. This is one of the easiest service businesses to launch, requiring a capital of not more than $2,000. You can use your house as an office to start.

BIRTHDAY PARTIES, INC. If you have a movie projector and a bit of ingenuity, you are half way established as a professional organizer of children's birthday parties. Adding party favors and games, catering the food (on which you make a profit), supplying costumes, setting up an ice cream bar—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these are only a few of the many possible approaches.

Equally important is the compilation of a list of birthday dates for solicitation purposes. These can be secured from birth notices in back issues of newspapers, hospital lists, and the like. Diaper services, children's stores and other sources might sell you their lists at a reasonable price.

To get started, offer to stage a free party as a church or club raffle prize. This gets your service known and leads to word-of-mouth recommendations—and the recommendations of satisfied customers are the one factor that can make this, or any other service business, grow beyond your greatest expectations.

OFFICE-AWAY-FROM-HOME, INC. Businessmen with all the facilities of an office organization, including a bright secretary, get spoiled very easily. When they leave home base and have to work out of a hotel room or a telephone booth, things are different. How they would welcome an office away from home—a place to hang their hat, the use of a dictaphone and a typist, telephone and message service, someone to supply information, run errands and forward mail.

They would be happy to pay a relatively generous fee in order to save a day or help put over a big deal. (It goes on the expense account, anyway.) While it would be necessary to invest in several months' rent for suitable quarters, plus some second-hand office furniture and equipment, the cost could be recouped in a relatively short time.

The service could be publicized by putting up signs in railroad and airline terminals, hotel lobbies and other strategic locations. Bell captains and hotel clerks could be given a commission on any clients they send. Out-of-town firms that regularly travel men in your city could be solicited by mail.

Soon firms would begin using your headquarters as a sort of out-of-town office; and, as the area of service expanded, your fees could increase accordingly. This is a new field, and one where one or two individuals could readily gain a foothold in any city from medium on up to metropolis.

SHIRT HOSPITAL, INC. If your town is big enough to support half a dozen haberdashery shops, it is big enough to need one or more shirt hospitals. Shops hate to lose sales because of inability to fit certain figures—and yet there are numerous customers whom no standard-make shirt will properly fit. The simplest thing is to take the customer's measurements and send the shirt to an outside agency to be altered before delivery.

This is a one-man-plus-one-seamstress business. All you need is a place to work, a sewing machine and a good seamstress. Fees add up not only from alterations but also for monogramming.

To find out if there is a need for such a service in your community, simply call on a few haberdashery shops. You will be surprised at how many are either looking for such a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

service or interested in finding a more efficient one.

Once established, there are several areas of expansion. A "shirt hospital" sign in the window, plus a reasonable amount of promotion, will bring in business from those who want monogramming done, collars or cuffs turned or other repairs made. Laundries and dry cleaners will also send you business in return for a 20 per cent commission. Resist the temptation to handle other articles of apparel; specializing in shirts yields by far the best return.

TRADE-IN TRADE-UPS, INC. "Would You Spend $10 to Make $100?" With this slogan, you can make money in an off-beat but highly remunerative business. The day dawns when it is time to trade in or sell the old jalopy. Most men realize that an improvement in the appearance and performance of their car can mean an improvement of $100 or more in the price they get for it. But they don't know how to achieve that happy result in a professional way.

Anyone who knows something about cars to start with can readily pick up the mechanic's tricks of the trade for putting a car's best wheel forward. This is a perfectly legitimate function.

The service would include an extra cleaning job on the exterior, thorough cleaning and repair of the upholstery, scouring or painting of whitewall tires, retouching rust spots on the chrome and tuning up the motor.

When a man decides to trade in or sell his car, the first thing he does is to turn to the classified section to see the prices quoted for cars. A strategically placed ad with the headline —"Would You Spend $10 to Make $100?"—should attract all the business one man can handle.

CHORE-CUTS, INC. There may be nothing original about a home handyman service, but it is not difficult to give the homeowner an original memory peg on which to hang his awareness of your service. Actually, the demand so far exceeds the supply that a fresh twist is not really needed—but it always helps.

This service, of course, would include putting up and taking down storm windows and screens, taking care of lawns, minor electrical and repair work, minor outside painting, and the like.

The first step in getting started could be to single out the most run-down house with the worst-kept lawn. Offer to service this house at a bargain rate for one month. Everyone in the neighborhood will soon know there is an excellent new handyman around.

Another idea, suggests Mr. Elias, is to pass out a "Chore-Cut Scoreboard" to every home in the community. This will list various kinds of chores, with a place for a check mark opposite each one. Explain that all the homeowner need do is check off the things that require attention, and that you will call at regular intervals to take care of them.

Human nature being what it is, enough homeowners will find it so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

much easier to make a check mark than do the job themselves that you will soon have more work than one man can handle. When that point is reached you hire an assistant—and you are no longer a handyman, having now become an entrepreneur.

CHILD DEPOSITORY, INC. Operating a nursery school is big business. But there's a new and little traveled by-road that can lead to a highly profitable small business for two or three people. Without wanting to pay nursery school fees or committing themselves to a daily routine, many mothers would welcome a place where they could drop off their children, with assurance of good care, during the day.

This service calls for someone who is good with children. Select a residential neighborhood and, to avoid the burden of a heavy rental, seek someone who has a large house, perhaps a widow, who wants to earn extra money and who also likes to work with children. All that's needed in the way of facilities would be an enclosed lawn with jungle gym, a few swings and slides and a pleasant playroom with a few toys, large blocks, books and records.

Announcements and neighborhood solicitation could soon start the ball rolling. Parents would be invited to drop off their children any time after 10 A.M., with the understanding that the children are to be picked up by or before 4 P.M. A hot lunch would be served.

Two adults could take care of the children quite readily until the "traffic" became heavy, at which point one or more assistants could be hired. Since this daytime service would not be competitive with an evening baby-sitting service, it would be possible to build up a clientele faster by exchanging lists of names with such a service in the same community.

New service businesses are being invented every day. The ones suggested here are just a cross-section. There are scores of others.

The main idea is to use the experience you have, team up if necessary with someone else who supplements your abilities, pick your field—and then try to find an ingenious approach that will gain you a foothold. Once established, hard work and a favoring wind should take care of the rest. Remember, as Franklin Elias points out, you will be rowing with the tide in the direction of one of America's big new money-making opportunities.

Capital Resignation

WILLIAM FAULKNER, novelist and Nobel Prize winner, once held the job of postmaster at the University of Mississippi. One day the Postmaster General received the following communique from Postmaster Faulkner: "As long as I live under the capitalist system, I expect to have my life influenced by the demands of moneyed people. But I will be damned if I propose to be at the beck and call of every itinerant scoundrel who has two cents to invest in a postage stamp. This, sir, is my resignation."

—MILTON WAYNE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Grandfather's House

When the children—and their children—arrive for Turkey Day, bedlam flies through the window, and sweet domesticity lays an egg

by K. N. HARDIN

WHEN THANKSGIVING rolls around, it's over the highways and through the traffic to grandfather's house they come. Not that I object to being host at family dinner, you understand. If it has to be somewhere, I'd just as soon have it at our house. Because twice we tried having it at our married daughters' homes, and, frankly, I had indigestion both times.

The first time we ate with our newlywed younger daughter and her husband in their compact little apartment. She sat us on cushions tossed on the floor, and served us enchiladas.

It had been ten years since I could sit on the floor with any degree of comfort, and five years since I could digest enchiladas without a bicarbonate of soda chaser. And to top it all off, my dinner partner turned out to be my son-in-law's large boxer, who kept trying to steal my enchiladas as I ate from the coffee table. When I gave him an argument, he replied by blowing the contents of a nearby ash tray over onto my plate.

The next year our older daughter and her husband invited the entire family to their place for Thanksgiving.

"Dear, you'll go to too much trouble," my wife objected.

Eloise assured us that she wouldn't. And she didn't.

We had cold cuts, potato salad, congealed salad, assembly-line bread and soda pop. My congealed salad melted through two layers of paper plates and onto my absorbent tweed trousers, and I crumpled three paper forks before I finally escaped to the local cleaning establishment.

So you can easily understand why I don't object to having Thanksgiving dinner at our house, although, to be perfectly honest, it usually turns out to be a pretty hectic affair.

Take last Thanksgiving, for example. Our younger daughter and her husband and family arrived first. Then our older daughter and her pack next. However, it was quite some time before our son and his outfit got there. Because Boone—their two-year-old—took off his shoes and threw them out of the car window, and they had to turn around and go back and find them.

Then it started!

Little people darting here and there, the kitchen a bedlam, and women calling out at frequent intervals, "Watch the *children!*"

There was a momentary calm while everyone sat down to the table and I said grace, which turned out to be a duet featuring myself and my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

five-year-old granddaughter, who knew quite a few rather lengthy blessings.

Ordinarily, when grace is said, people begin to eat. Not in our household. It's a signal for the feminine members to jump up and down from the table like puppets on a string. The biscuits have to be taken off the oven, the coffee has to be warmed, and vegetables have to be passed around. I complained once. But my wife informed me that only a butler and cook would remedy the situation, so I've kept quiet about it since.

The meal was fairly uneventful. Only four glasses of milk were turned over, which is about par for the course. There was a lengthy debate over whether Roger (my nine-year-old grandson) should be allowed to have a fourth serving of turkey and dressing. And while they were debating, Roger helped himself and polished it off before they decided.

When dinner was over, I tiptoed to my bedroom to sneak a nap, but just as I was turning the doorknob my younger daughter called out sharply, "Daddy! You can't go in *there!* I just put the baby down on your bed."

"Oh. I was just going to take a nap," I explained lamely.

"I guess you *could* sleep with him," my daughter said reluctantly.

I replied, "Thanks, but I've misplaced my World War I army helmet."

You see, I had the misfortune once of taking a nap with one of my grandbabies, and made the mistake of going to sleep before he did. But not for long. I got clobbered with a milk bottle.

"I'll just go upstairs," I told my daughter.

"Frank is putting the twins to sleep up there."

"How about the sewing room?" I asked hopefully.

"The cousins are cutting out paper dolls in there."

The only place left was the living room, where my 13-year-old grandson was playing bop records. It was pretty noisy but I went in there and was moodily puffing on a cigar when my wife signaled from the kitchen. "Psssst! Put out that cigar! You *know* Eloise is pregnant and cigar smoke makes her sick!"

Well, that did it! I put on my overcoat and hat, and stalked out to the patio—which was colder than I expected. I bravely stuck it out for half an hour. But nobody noticed I was gone, so I finally went in and discovered that naps were over and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

everything was in full swing again.

There was a football game on TV in the television room, and a family singing group in the living room. I went in and listened to the singing for awhile, but Roger threw up right in the middle of "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," and that broke up the musical interlude.

I considered it a rather propitious moment for everyone to take his leave, but my younger daughter was busily organizing a game of charades.

The game was especially entertaining to the grandchildren. Particularly when my son rolled on the floor in a valiant attempt to convey "The Wreck of the Hesperus" to his team. The younger grandchildren got down on the floor and rolled with him, and my 13-year-old grandson called out, *"Dead dog! Dead dog!"*

And then it was time to go. But leave-taking is a pretty involved thing with my family.

First, all the snowsuits had to be sorted and assembled. Then the diaper bags had to be packed. And no one travels heavier than my grandchildren. They bring with them a mountainous assortment of toys, blankets, pillows and stuffed animals that have to be located the last moment. And one little five-year-old packs a tiny steamer trunk that has to go through customs before we allow her to leave. For she sometimes empties out *her* treasures and fills it full of stuff picked up around the house.

It is a remarkable thing to see my children assemble their children and herd them into their respective automobiles. How they end up with the right ones is a mystery to me!

My older daughter called out that we could have Christmas dinner at her house, and she wouldn't go to a bit of trouble. And I called back that if it was all the same to her, we'd just have it at our house.

And then it was quiet. Of course, the ash trays were full to overflowing and the pictures on the wall were askew, but it was *quiet!*

I wearily stretched out on my bed, ignoring the fact that the mattress had been thoroughly dampened by its former occupant.

But after my children and grandchildren had been gone for a little while a strange feeling came over me. Now, mind you, I'm not one to indulge in maudlin sentimentality. But, you know, the kids *were* cute rolling on the floor during "The Wreck of the Hesperus." And as for Roger throwing up on the living room wallpaper—well, I never really cared much for that wallpaper anyhow.

I turned to my wife, who was propped up in bed with a cold towel on her head, and said, "Dear, that's a great bunch of kids we have. We should ask them over to dinner more often."

Cartoon Quote

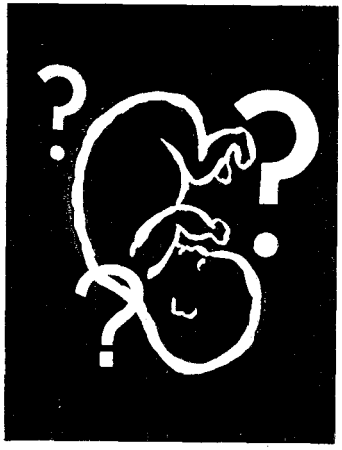
YOUNG LADY telling another about her boyfriend: "It was so strange the way we met. We were introduced."

—*A. M. A. Journal*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She Predicts What Your Baby Will Be Like

by ANNE FROMER



"DR. WALKER, tell us— will our children be normal?" The young couple who asked this question were as handsome and healthy a pair as Dr. Norma Ford Walker had ever seen. "We're planning to be married soon, and we've come to see you because we promised our mothers we would. They're sisters, and they still have that old-fashioned idea that cousins shouldn't marry."

As a leading authority on heredity, Dr. Walker's office in Toronto's famed Hospital for Sick Children is sought out not only by cousins, but by an increasing variety of couples eager for parenthood but apprehensive over some real or imagined flaw in their mental or physical backgrounds.

They come to 60-year-old Dr. Walker because she is a pioneer in the newest, the smallest—but undoubtedly one of the most significant —sciences concerned with human health and well-being. She is one of a handful of 20 heredity counsellors on this continent. These specialists' concern is with the fact that some 500 mental and physical defects and abnormalities that can beset a human being from birth are due to the innocent fact that he has been born of his particular parents.

Genetic counsellors are on the threshold of what might well be a new era in preventive medicine. For a successful case of heredity counselling has the far-reaching and multiple effect that it guides parents from personal tragedy and exchanges children doomed to suffering for sound, healthy human beings.

For example, to those young

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cousins waiting so eagerly for reassurance, Dr. Walker said quietly, "I'm afraid that the idea about vague dangers in cousins marrying was old-fashioned simply because it did not go far enough."

Genetic science now knows that people of close blood lines are likely to possess similar genes and therefore to multiply the influence of the harmful ones. This results in the children of cousins being far more prone to a variety of diseases and defects.

Although cousin marriages add up to only a small fraction of all marriages, no fewer than 20 per cent of albinoes—persons deficient in skin and hair coloring—are born to cousins. Alkaptonuria, a defect of metabolism, affects only one child in a million—but every third victim is the offspring of cousin marriages.

Dr. Walker makes a point of never saying directly to couples, "You must not have children." She simply presents the facts.

THE facts are particularly revealing when they must be laid before the ever-growing number of men and women who approach parenthood comparatively late in life. The danger here lies in the fact that the genes which are the essential ingredient of heredity, although they normally follow an inexorable pattern, nevertheless are subject to that inevitable process—old age. "It is," Dr. Walker explains, "as if the individual as he grows older simply comes to make poorer and poorer carbon copies of the genes he bequeaths to his children. These degenerate genes are called mutations."

Only two other rare factors are thought to bring about gene mutations—exposure to chemical poisons or atomic radiation.

A survey by the University of Pennsylvania involving more than 500 families revealed that those mothers who were under 30 years of age when they bore their children had only one defective birth in 100. Thereafter, the ratio of defective children to older parents climbed steadily. In the age group between 45 and 49, three times more defective children were born than in the under-29 group.

Because mutated genes themselves become fixed, it means the launching of future generations carrying this same defect.

Heredity counsellors recently shared a study of patients who belong to one of the most widespread and best-known American family trees of such inherited disease. This family tree's existence was first hinted at in a survey of persons suffering from Huntington's Chorea. This condition, sometimes called St. Vitus Dance, is a degenerative disease of the central nervous system which usually strikes persons in their 30s or 40s.

A researcher, charting the background of her patients, noted a vague similarity between several. When this direction was pursued specifically, an amazing pattern began to form. Finally, the ancestry of no fewer than 962 of the victims was traced back to three brothers who in the 17th century emigrated from England to America.

At the instant of conception, Dr. Walker explains, every human being

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

receives his or her full lifetime array of genes. An integral part of the male sperm cell and the female egg cell are chromosomes, which consist of microscopic bead-like strings—each bead of which is a gene.

Mother and father each contributes 24 chromosomes, which unite to form the first single cell of life in the mother's womb. This single cell contains approximately 25,000 pairs of genes, one of each from either parent. These pairs of genes, working together—or against each other—decide everything basic that the new person is going to be, physically and mentally.

That first cell divides and redivides until it has created all the millions of cells that constitute a human being—his hair, skin, skeleton, organs and flesh.

When a doting maiden aunt exclaims that the new baby has "his father's dark eyes and his mother's straight nose," she is talking about genes without knowing, probably, that the reason is that some genes in each pair are dominant, others recessive. The dark-eye gene, for example, dominates the blue-eye gene. So if a black-eyed girl marries a blue-eyed man, their children are more likely to be dark-eyed.

Unfortunately, certain genes—significantly called black genes—have the power to transmit a wide variety of human defects and diseases. Like the benevolent genes which determine one's appearance, these black genes may be either dominant or recessive. But, following their own immutable patterns, they are responsible for a catalog of human disorders that include skin conditions, eye abnormalities and skeletal defects.

Among the disabilities they transmit from parent to child are diabetes, harelip and cleft palate, childhood muscular dystrophy, celiac disease, hemophilia, some forms of anemia, ataxia and gout. Less serious, but defects none the less, are color blindness and baldness.

The diseases caused by the recessive group of genes may strike without warning after skipping members of a family or even generations. Like the dominants, the recessives are passed on continuously from parents but the recipient may either suffer from the gene's effects or be merely a carrier.

The heredity counsellor's role is not only to give predictions and reassurance where possible but, by authoritatively presenting the true picture of the pattern of inheritance of recessive genes, to eliminate feelings of guilt or mutual recrimination between the parents concerned—and to allay fears which immediately arise in a wide circle of relatives.

One couple was beside themselves with worry when they came to Dr. Walker. The wife was an attractive girl, despite a faint scar as the result of a corrected harelip.

"My mother died when I was born," she explained. "My older brother was normal, my father was sure there was no harelip in his family—and my mother had never mentioned such a thing in her connection. So our family doctor decided that this"—she touched the scar lightly—"was just an accident."

Dr. Walker nodded. Harelip, in addition to being inherited, in some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cases may be caused by an accidental disturbance of development in the very young embryo.

"My brother married two years ago, and I less than a year later," the agitated wife continued. "Last week my brother's wife had a baby—with a harelip and cleft palate. We're not having a baby—but we were hoping for one. Now, well, dare we do it?"

Dr. Walker explained that the complex hereditary factors involving harelip were not yet fully understood, but that accurate statistics were available on the incidence of this recessive gene defect. After questioning the couple, tracing their family histories and working out several formulae she was able to say, "We can predict that in a case like yours, with your family background, there is only one chance out of 50 that your child would be affected."

A year later, the wife telephoned Dr. Walker. "I'm at the hospital. Twin girls—and they're both wonderfully normal. That one-to-50 luck was on our side—in both cases."

Thus hereditary counselling offers positive and highly beneficial knowledge to those who seek it.

How can the average couple, plagued with fears about their fitness for parenthood, take advantage of this new medical science? The best answer considering the expanding but still-limited facilities available is this, says Dr. Walker: "Consult your own physician. He will examine the facts and, if further consultation is necessary, he will know best how to put you in touch with the nearest hereditary counselling authority."

YOU CAN EARN $500 THIS CHRISTMAS! . . .

plus Expensive Prizes too!

That's right . . . you can earn $500 *or more* this Christmas by just taking gift subscription orders from friends, neighbors and relatives. Here's how it works—we can immediately authorize you as a magazine representative, entitling you to take subscription orders for all magazines at lowest authorized prices—and you keep a cash commission on every sale. And because your service saves time and money for your customers, it's easy to build an active and profitable subscription business in your own community.

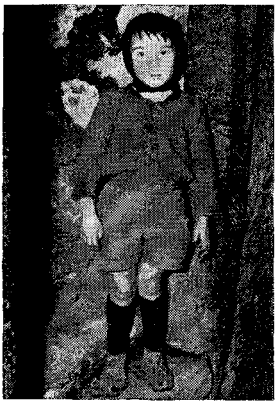
And you'll also be in on these special advantages:

✓ **REDUCED GIFT RATES** . . . offered by Publishers to prompt extra sales.
✓ **SPECIAL OFFERS** . . . money-saving prices to interest prospects.
✓ **VALUABLE PRIZES** . . . can be won in our big Fall-Christmas Contest.
✓ **FREE SALES AIDS** . . . to make order-taking easier and more profitable.

Don't delay . . . the coming months are the biggest in the magazine business. Rush a postcard to me (your only investment) and I'll send you your free 1956 selling material. Write today to:

J. M. Foster, Coronet, Dept. 286, 488 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WHO WILL HELP ORAZIO?

This is Orazio, age 7, one of three children. They live in a depressed area, a medieval village 25 miles from Rome. The mother is ill. The father works little, for there is much unemployment. He finds work 30 days a year, during the olive-picking season. They own a tiny plot of land which yields 2 sacks of barley a year. Home is a kitchen and one room, a table, 4 chairs and two broken beds with insufficient bedding. The walls are damp, the floor broken. The parents look with anguish on their anemic children whom they cannot feed or clothe. Orazio knows only unappeased hunger, cold and discomfort. His sad eyes in his freckled face tell a story of deep misery. Although Orazio never owned a toy, he does not dream of one . . . he dreams instead of a car in which he can drive far, far away from his miserable town. Help to Orazio means help to this family, hope instead of despair . . . a chance to live . . . a bulwark against destructive ideologies. Won't you help Orazio and his weary parents or other distressed children . . . many without one or both parents?

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photographs of "your" child upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your" child is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need, in England, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Greece, Western Germany and Korea, and is registered under No. VFA 019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

43 WEST 61st STREET, NEW YORK 23, N. Y.

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Arturo Toscanini, Mary Pickford, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, Jean Tennyson, Helen Hayes, Dr. Howard A. Rusk, Edward R. Murrow, Bing Crosby, K. C. Gifford, Gov. and Mrs. Walter Kohler, Charles R. Hook, Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron Swayze. Founded 1937

© 1956 FPP, INC.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC. C-11-56
43 W. 61st St., New York 23, N. Y.
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B., Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year. If possible, sex..... I will pay $15 a month for one year ($180). Payment will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment $.....

B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

Date..... Contributions are deductible from Income Tax

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a doctor reports on the effects of diet on

FERTILITY

POTENCY

PERSONALITY

by WILLIAM KAUFMAN, M.D.

INCLUDED in the folklore of almost every nation are food recipes for increasing attractiveness, fertility and sexual vigor. Such recipes exalt ingredients like eggs, fish, seafood (particularly oysters), red meat, sharp cheese, pepper, stout, onions, garlic and salt as sexual stimulants.

Is there any scientific basis for these fables? Surprisingly, in many instances the answer is "yes."

For example, a man may develop (often without being aware of it) a dietary lack in high quality protein, iron, iodine, vitamin C, B-complex, etc. Some of the above foods contain them, and by adding them to his daily diet the man may just as unwittingly correct his nutritional deficiencies and thereby enjoy better health and improved sex function. This undoubtedly happened many times through the centuries, and is probably the genesis of so many superstitions regarding the relationship between food and vigor.

However, over and above their very real nutritional value, any sex magic attributable to high protein foods—or any other—is mainly psychological. *For those who truly believe it,* it may seem that "Oysters make men more potent, and women more womanly."

The converse is also true. I know a man who temporarily loses all affection for his wife if she serves him beets, and a woman who has a similar reaction if she has to cook liver for her husband. Each of these reactions stems from frightening, unconscious fantasies about sexual implications connected with the specific food.

There is a common belief that saltpeter (potassium nitrate) inhibits sexual activity. Actually, the amount ordinarily used in preserving

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meat and improving its color has no such effect. Yet the belief in saltpeter's efficacy is so great that the mere suggestion that it was in the food they ate has been known to rob both men and women of all sex desire.

On the other hand, spices and seasonings have acquired an unwarranted reputation for increasing sexual drive. What they really do is cause urethral irritation in some individuals. This leads them to indulge more frequently in sexual relations in an attempt to obtain relief from this unpleasant sensation. With most individuals, however, this same urethral discomfort blocks all thoughts of sex.

Dietary fads can do the same thing. Almost every summer, I see this in patients who suddenly stop eating sensibly—and begin eating "lightly." Typical was one I'll call Herbert Mason, a tall, muscular 35-year-old advertising executive. He concentrated on salad greens plus low-caloric iced beverages in the belief that it would help him keep cool.

At the end of a week he experienced the pepping-up reaction of the initial stages of protein deficiency; but after three weeks he became tired, irritable and depressed, and noticed a lack of sex desire. At first, he blamed his symptoms on the hot weather. Then he realized something was wrong and came to me, suggesting that he probably needed some injections of male hormone. I prescribed a well-balanced diet instead, and he made full recovery in eight weeks.

According to the latest researches, the sex act creates an enormous change in bodily physiology for a short period: Breathing speeds up to triple normal function; the heart rate more than doubles; energy utilization skyrockets. Food is the only source for the renewal of all this energy. Yet there is no specific "sex food"—as far as we know—and no one "sex vitamin" that will do this.

We do not know exactly why the chemical molecules in certain foods may add sex luster to one individual and not to another. But we do know that the right kind of diet improves cellular structure, retards aging, helps endocrine glands secrete maximum amounts of beneficial hormones—and thus sets the physiological basis for optimal sex function. When there are no psychological barriers, proper diet can also contribute to making a man or woman more fertile.

By the same token, malnutrition and semi-starvation do not affect all individuals equally. For example, in underprivileged countries, where hunger is often constant, both the sex drive and fertility, while generally impaired, are still active enough to overpopulate the land.

One of the most thoroughgoing studies of the effects of food on men was made at the University of Minnesota during World War II. Thirty-two young conscientious objectors, mentally and physically healthy, voluntarily completed the experiments. For 12 weeks they lived on a normal diet, then for 24 weeks they underwent semi-starvation. This was followed by 12 weeks of restricted rehabilitation.

During their ordeal, the volunteers existed mainly on whole wheat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bread, potatoes, cereals, turnips and cabbage. Only token amounts of dairy products and meat were provided, for a total of 1,570 calories a day.

The reduced rations caused loss of sex interest and profound physical changes bordering on sterility. This trend was reversed when the men once more had a normal, unlimited diet. However, the emotional and psychological aspects of sex life were slower to return to normal than were the physical.

Much of the impetus for what we regard as "being masculine" is provided by the secretion of adequate amounts of male sex hormones by the adrenal gland cortex (17-keto steroid) and the testicles (androgens). In one study, four days of starvation decreased these secretions in healthy men by 50 per cent. It took a full week of proper eating to restore the balance.

IN THE MATTER of male fertility, overeating — and subsequent obesity—is just as detrimental as undernourishment, according to Drs. S. J. Glass and Murray Russell, of the Sterility Clinic of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, Los Angeles.

The same is true with women, for obesity may interfere with normal ovarian function. Drs. S. Charles Freed and William S. Kroger found that overweight women, who are otherwise healthy, can greatly improve their chances of conceiving by getting their weight back to normal. So, too, may markedly underweight women.

But even when a person is *not malnourished calorically,* he may suffer sexual inadequacy because of vitamin deficiency.

Dr. Morton S. Biskind has confirmed the fact that deficiencies in the B-complex group impaired liver function in some patients, and that this was frequently associated with decreased libido and potency. In 62 out of 76 of his patients, good nutritional therapy alleviated these conditions. Drs. Glass and Russell also report that treatment with diet, liver and vitamins restored normal fertility to a number of men.

In apparently healthy people *hidden nutritional deficiencies* may be far more common than we think. Scientific studies show that many persons make a faulty choice of food and that this may be one of the reasons so many suffer marginal health and a diminished capacity for normal sex life.

Provided that the individual is not allergic to specific foods mentioned below, the minimal daily diet should include: one pint of milk; one or two servings of meat, poultry or fish; one egg; six slices of enriched or whole wheat bread; one serving of citrus fruit in addition to a serving of other fresh fruits; and two servings of green or yellow vegetables. Glandular foods such as liver should be eaten at least once a week, and fish or seafood at least twice a week.

In a roundabout way, food enters the picture for many individuals who dread having normal sex feelings and desires. For example, some girls secretly fear womanhood and the eventual responsibilities of marriage and motherhood. And they unconsciously choose the food route in order to make their permanent escape.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By overeating, they strive to become so fat that they will be physically repulsive to men. Dieting for them is usually futile. Not until such a girl can resolve her deep-seated emotional problems satisfactorily can she lose weight and find physical happiness with a man of her choice.

Then there is the girl who starves herself into emaciation and sexual unattractiveness and develops what is called anorexia nervosa. This is not just a nervous loss of appetite. It degenerates into a positive hatred of all food. Here again psychiatric treatment may prove beneficial.

Men, too, may seek escape from sexual responsibilities through deliberate semi-starvation or excessive eating. Many greatly overweight men unconsciously substitute satisfaction from food for the gratification they should receive from sexual relations.

Marital incompatibility can have the same effect. A husband who is repeatedly spurned by his wife may find solace in eating. Eventually he may become so conditioned that whenever he experiences the normal marital sex urge, he immediately goes into the kitchen and eats until his love impulse leaves him. He often becomes sexually defunct before he has gained a great deal of weight.

It sometimes happens that a woman who cannot give her husband the love he needs tries to make up for her deficiency by over-feeding him with rich foods. Without realizing it, she may fatten him into impotence. At the same time, she may eat herself into unattractive bulk as well. Or, conversely, she may unconsciously starve herself to make her husband more tender and protective—yet less demanding physically.

Sooner or later, nearly every overweight person tries mightily to reduce. But a crash diet is in essence a semi-starvation diet; and the individual who tries it for a prolonged period may experience a "semi-starvation neurosis." This consists of increased irritability, depression and restlessness. And, on occasion, a decrease in sex desire and ability.

These symptoms drive many people off their weight-reduction programs, which is unfortunate. For the unpleasant reactions are only temporary. The rewards eventually are better health and often greatly improved sexual function.

All of which adds up to these basic facts: Physical compatibility is most likely in healthy people. A well-balanced diet generally keeps people in good health—and helps restore those who are ill to better health. Diet improves sexual ability, fertility and physical magnetism only to the degree that it makes the individual become more normal nutritionally. For sex is a subtle blending of physical, spiritual and psychic factors. It is nourished principally by the emotions, and only obliquely by what and how we eat.

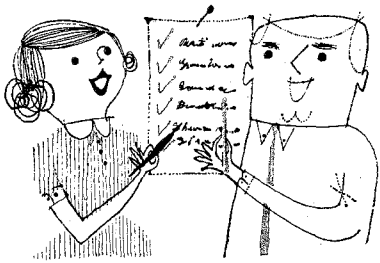
A PSYCHIATRIST RECENTLY received a card from a patient wintering at a Florida resort reading: "Am having a wonderful time. *Why?*"

—HARRY HERSHFIELD

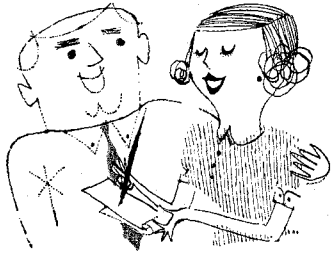
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIVE CORONET

A pleasure to give . . .



Share the Enjoyment of Coronet's entertaining and informative features with your friends and relatives by giving them Coronet this Christmas. Your thoughtfulness will be remembered with each issue throughout the year.

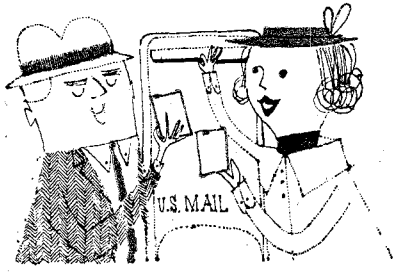


Lowest Holiday Rates
in Coronet history!!

2 one-year gifts $5 (you save $1)

1 one-year gift $2.50 (reg. $3)

Each additional gift $2



Pay Nothing Now! We will bill you after January 1st.
Avoid crowds, post office lines, and the worry of having the gift arrive on time. Just sit back and let Coronet do the rest.

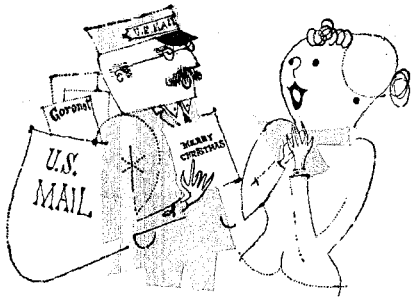
Your Christmas shopping problems will be solved in a matter of minutes by giving Coronet, and you will be remembered for your kindness not once, but 12 times during the coming year.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

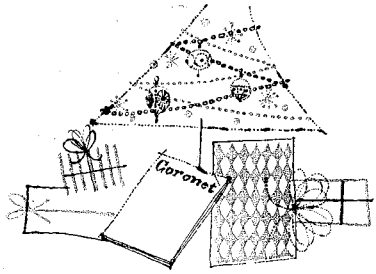
FOR CHRISTMAS

A joy to receive . . .

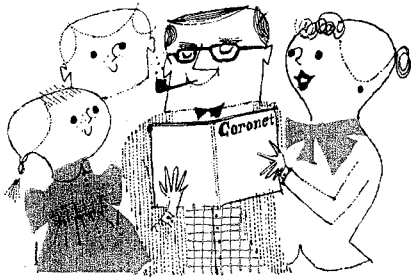
Your Gift Subscription to Coronet will be announced by a beautiful full color Christmas card. Hand-signed with your name, it will add the perfect personal touch.



The Big January Issue comes in a colorful gift wrapper. Packed with special holiday features, it will be mailed to reach your gift list just before Christmas.



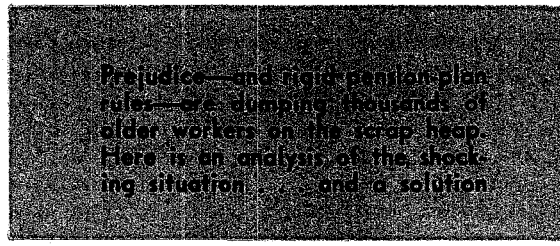
When You Give Coronet, with its endless variety of stories and pictures, you will provide many hours of reading pleasure for your friends and their families.



USE THE CONVENIENT GIFT ORDER FORM NEXT TO PAGE 106

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are We Junking Our Mature Brains?


Prejudice—and rigid pension-plan rules—are dumping thousands of older workers on the scrap heap. Here is an analysis of the shocking situation . . . and a solution

by SAM CROWTHER

A SUCCESSFUL business executive faced the personnel director of a large midwestern manufacing concern recently. Due to the merger of his former company with another corporation, the businessman was out of a job and looking for a suitable executive position somewhere in the $25,000 to $30,000 income bracket.

After he had detailed his exceptional employment background, the personnel director smiled. "You're just the man we're looking for. By the way, you didn't mention your age."

"I'm 47."

The personnel director shook his head slowly. "Oh . . . that changes the situation. I'm afraid we can't use you."

"May I ask why?" the businessman said.

He got this blunt three-word answer: "You're too old."

Unfortunately, this situation is typical, not unusual. And it is serious. For official figures show that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

today some of the nation's best brains are being tossed on the economic scrap heap—not at 65, not at 55, but at 45 and lower—because they are classed as "too old."

Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell stated recently: "Our research shows that men after 45 and women after 35 are finding their futures blocked by arbitrary age restrictions placed on them by employers. There is no national asset more important than the know-how of our experienced workers. Yet this enormous pool of skilled labor is being decimated when they are most needed."

The Iron Curtain of job opportunity has dropped on all levels of employment—from the $65-a-week clerk to the $100,000-a-year corporation executive. In many industries, 45 has become the end of the road for an experienced man who is unemployed or is looking for another job, authorities declare.

Help Wanted ads in the newspapers tell the story:

Machinist: $125 per week. Age to 40.

Researcher in atomic projects: $8,500. 25 to 35.

Automotive executive: Must be top notch. $9,000. Age to 35.

One applicant remarked wryly, "They want somebody 35 with 30 years of experience."

Employers give these most common reasons for not hiring older workers:

Poorer productivity with resulting increased production costs. All studies, however, indicate the contrary. In a review of 3,000 firms throughout the country it was found that 72 per cent of the mature workers were either equal to or more efficient than the younger group.

Greater absenteeism. Yet a study by the Bureau of Labor Statistics of 16,500 men in 109 concerns showed that the mature workers possessed a 20 per cent better attendance record.

Accident proneness. In spite of claims that older workers are more susceptible to injuries, the highest accident rate is among workers under 21. A study of 17,800 workers by the Bureau of Labor Statistics showed that workers over 45 had 2.5 per cent fewer disabling injuries than those under 45.

Lower dependability. However, the long experience of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union points up in dramatic form the value and stability of older workers. The coat and suit division of the garment industry is largely staffed by workers over 45 with a large percentage between 60 and 65. Nevertheless, the needle industry in New York City, in spite of competition from other areas, has retained its competitive position because of the superior skill of its workers.

But the chief reason given today for not hiring older workers is an outgrowth of the tremendous expansion of the pension system. (Statistics show that some 30,000 companies are spending over $5,000,000,000 a year on pension plans.)

Pension costs are figured in much the same way as life insurance: the premium increases as the individual protected grows older. Group-wise, this means that the lower the average age, the less the pension plan will cost the employer. Consequent-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly, companies setting up such plans prefer a preponderance of those covered to be young men or women who will accrue their benefits after a long period. As a result, many companies discriminate against older workers simply to keep these pension costs down. It's as simple as that.

Lee W. Minton, international president of the AFL-CIO Glass Bottle Blowers Association of the United States and Canada, points out that pensions "tie a worker to his job until he is too old to get another." The reason being that the plans carry no "vesting" interest whereby the worker can take with him monies which have already been credited to his account and hence keep his premium costs at the same level with a new employer.

OUR OVER-AGE situation is bad enough today. But unless effective action is taken, and soon, it is going to get progressively worse. U. S. Bureau of Census statistics show that the age group of 45 and over has been increasing more rapidly than the total population. In 1900, there were 13,500,000 people of 45 and over. In 1950, there were 42,905,000; and by 1975 it is estimated there will be 64,000,000. This means that under the present absurd practices over one-third of all Americans now living will be unemployable in 20 years.

How, then, can business and industry be persuaded to revise their views on the hiring of mature workers? They want to work, and have much to give. A study by Consolidated Edison of New York of its employees qualified for retirement but able to continue to work revealed that 60 per cent elected to stay at their jobs.

The Iron Curtain against men and women past 40 is being attacked on a number of fronts. As a solution to the pension roadblock, business and labor groups have endorsed "portable" pension plans whereby a worker who is covered can seek other employment without forfeiting his claim. He would carry his pension rights already earned with him.

The International Ladies Garment Workers Union has such a plan whereby its 445,093 members covered by employer financed retirement plans can move from one city to another without impairing their pension rights.

G. Warfield Hobbs, vice-president of the First National City Bank of New York, points out that with "portable" pensions "management won't mind hiring older workers."

In recent years, a unique organization known as the Forty Plus Club has grown up to attack age discrimination on the local level. It is a cooperative, nonprofit organization of mature men who work without compensation to find jobs for each other. They share expenses. And their work in convincing employers that there is no substitute for experience and know-how has been so successful that the plan has spread to seven cities in the U.S.

Club members—the average age is 55—contact business concerns daily, mail out brochures and address civic groups. As soon as one member finds a job, he is replaced by another trained to take his place. The New York branch of the club, now in its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

16th year, has found jobs for over 3,500 men.

Members tell of one 45-year-old unemployed engineer who came to the club as a last resort. He had paid hundreds of dollars for employment counsel with no results. He was put to work selling the club idea to top-management executives. In the space of a few months, he found that he had a latent gift for salesmanship. Today, he has become a highly successful sales engineer.

A unique program to make use of thousands of retired college professors was recently launched by the University of California after a staff member, Dr. Constantine Panunzio, made a survey of 7,000 retired professors throughout the country. He found widespread dissatisfaction, with some of the men reporting that they were receiving as little as $35 a month.

"You would have thought an avalanche had struck," was the way Dr. Panunzio characterized the response.

On the state level, the New York Legislature has set up a Committee of the Aging to work directly with business and industry to break down barriers on the hiring of older workers. Minority Leader Eugene Bannigan, who favored a program aimed at benefiting older workers, states: "It is not generally realized how critical this situation has become. Try and get a job after 35 or 40. See what you run into. Experienced and capable people are being denied job opportunities because of an incredibly short-sighted policy on the part of industry."

Nation-wide, Secretary of Labor Mitchell has launched a six-point "Bill of Rights" program to benefit the older worker. Its recommendations include:

1. A guarantee that workers be selected on the basis of qualifications for the job, regardless of age.

2. That workers reaching retirement be permitted to continue working if they wish, provided that they are able to perform satisfactory work.

3. A complete analysis, incorporating local studies, on the performance, productivity, absenteeism and faithfulness of older workers. ("Businessmen are not going to hire older workers for sentimental reasons," Mitchell points out.)

4. Incorporation of clauses against age discrimination in collective bargaining contracts.

5. Expansion of Government placement services for older workers. (In a study in New York, it was found that intensive job solicitation could more than double the over-45 workers placed in jobs.)

6. Tapping the vast resources of mature women to meet pressing job shortages, such as those that have arisen in the nursing and the teaching fields.

Secretary Mitchell has already set an example in the Government by hiring older workers in his own department. Recently, he took on 109

NEW LIFE SAVER

140,000 infants may be saved each year with a new hormone drug that halts premature labor. A report on this important medical discovery

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

investigators to enforce the provisions of the Fair Labor Standards Act. Of this special group 59, or more than half, are over 40; 21 are over 50.

In Congress, a bill has been introduced by Representative Sid Yates of Illinois to establish a "Bureau of Older Persons" in the Government.

Perhaps a tax reduction arrangement could be devised as an incentive to the hiring of those 45 or over.

In the case of pension costs, measures must be taken on a broad scale in order to remove the present hiring barriers. A Congressional investigation might be a triggering action that would get the full impact of the situation before the American public.

In any case, by permitting the present arbitrary division between young and old to remain, we have left the way wide open for a potentially explosive political issue to arise.

Most of us still remember the Townsend Plan and the California pension plan known as "Ham 'n' Eggs" or "$30 every Thursday." A revival of a movement similar to these would find a reception in direct proportion to the increasing number of those of us who now or later are destined to hear the crushing words of an employer: "Sorry, you are too old."

President Eisenhower summed the situation up in a comment which he made following his Labor Day message to Congress a year ago last fall. "If we don't do something about the older workers in our country, there is going to be a revolution of older workers—and I will be among them."

Connectogram

(Answers to puzzle on page 60)

1. This land is his island.
2. Some men enjoy oysters.
3. All ladies sat at a table.
4. That heat at the theatre reaches each chest.
5. His still is still illicit.
6. An anteater ate a termite.
7. His story is history.
8. Get the men the menu.
9. Just then the hen enters.
10. This salon is his alone.
11. With the heat he eats oatmeal at meals also.
12. The hero rode the rodeo ox.

PHOTO CREDITS: 10 Warner Bros.; 44-51 David Seymour from Magnum; 61 Phoenix Chamber of Commerce; 65 Scottsdale Chamber of Commerce; 69 Chuck Stewart; 92-3, 96 Wide World; 94, 98 INP; 95 John Rees from Black Star; 97 Ivan Masser from Black Star; 99 Erle Johnston, Jr., from Black Star; 110-11 Roy Schatt; 116-22 Carroll Seghers II from Black Star.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 488 Madison Ave., New York 12, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by CORONET for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a new heartwarming Coronet Christmas Film!

"How the Animals Discovered Christmas"

This wonderful new 16mm. sound motion picture for Christmas captures the real meaning of the Holiday spirit in a story portrayed in animation. The animals of Cozy Valley do not know about Christmas. But when Velvet, the Fawn, finds Bluebird with a broken wing, all the other animals join in a plan to help him and share their food with him, and the real spirit of Christmas begins to grow. The carrying out of the plan, the setting up of a Chrismas tree, the meeting with Santa's reindeer, the amazing recovery of Bluebird and his joyous singing provide the magic through which the animals of Cozy Valley discover the joy of serving others at Christmas. 1¼ reels in length, this film may be purchased for $125 in full color or $68.75 in black and white. It is available for rental from principal Coronet Film Libraries, usually at $10.00 for full color or $5.00 for black and white.

USE COUPON to request a list of rental libraries which can supply "How The Animals Discovered Christmas," or to request full information on the purchase of this unusual film.

Coronet Films
Coronet Building
Chicago 1, Illinois

CORONET FILMS
Coronet Building • Chicago 1, Illinois

☐ I am interested in receiving full information on renting your new Christmas film, HOW THE ANIMALS DISCOVERED CHRISTMAS.
☐ Please send additional information as to how I may purchase this film.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone...State.....
Att:.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Silver Linings

ON A WARM DAY recently, a very small ragged boy holding a large broom knocked at our door. He asked my husband if he would like to have the sidewalk swept. My husband asked the enterprising young businessman how much he would charge for the job. The small boy replied it would be a dollar.

"A dollar!" exclaimed my husband, looking at the 10 feet of sidewalk leading to the door.

Looking up at him the little boy answered timidly, "Or a nickel or a dime or a penny?"

He got the job for a dollar.

—DOROTHY TUITT (*Christian Science Monitor*)

LAST SUMMER, to earn money for college, I drove an ice cream truck through a Long Island town overflowing with small children. I soon learned to drive right by the two-year-olds who always stopped the truck but never had any money. One little boy, however, waited for me loyally. Every day he stood in the same spot waving me down and every day I drove right by him. This went on for several weeks, and then one day I noticed him standing in the midst of a group of older children. When I left the truck I saw that the little boy was clutching a dime in his hand. Feeling guilty for having passed him by so often, I bent over and asked him what he wanted. He looked at me very seriously and said, "Wait on the little ones first."

That day I gave away my first free ice cream.

—PAUL POSTAL

A SHORT TIME after moving to a farm home in Missouri, I let a trash fire get out of control and it spread to a neighboring farmer's field. Before being brought under control, it destroyed the field, a haystack, a rubber-tired farm wagon, several fence posts, and a good-sized wood-pile.

Distraught and almost in tears, I went to the farmer and offered to make amends in whatever way I could.

The kindly old man, realizing my state, reassured me, as he surveyed the damage, that it could have been worse. "I was plannin' to burn off this field for spring plantin' anyhow," he explained, "so let's just say that I didn't aim to be so thorough."

—MARTHA MC GRATH

IT WAS ON Christmas Eve that a large troop transport docked at New York. Among the returning GIs was one young soldier who hadn't seen his bride in over three years.

He was happy at the prospect of their reunion, but he was worried, too, for he hadn't had time to buy her a Christmas present. What was he to do? All during the trip home he kept asking himself that question.

Then, as he neared his destination, the solution came to him. As

(Continued on page 150)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

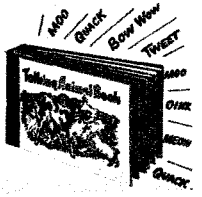
EASY - TO - SEE THERMOMETER

Mount it in seconds, and see how cold it is outside, from inside! Peel and press new model anywhere on outside of windowpane. Big figures and pointer on 3½" transparent dial. No squinting, even from 10 feet. No screws, no brackets. Order by mail. Satisfaction Guaranteed. $2 each, ppd. Breck's of Boston, 779 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

SATIN RIBBON—1¢ PER YD.

100 yards of finest satin ribbon ties big bows on all your gifts. Ordinarily 5c a yard—½" wide, fused edges. Ideal for gift wrapping, corsages, party favors, etc. Set of 2—50 yd. bolts (100 yds.). Colors: Red, Gold, Green, Pink, Blue, White. Any 2 colors —$1, ppd. Guar. Send cash, check, M.O. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 5229 Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.

THE BOOK THAT TALKS!



A different voice talks to your child on every page! Here's a gay and colorful animal story with words and sound. The cow goes Moooo, the dog Barks, the ducks go Qua-a-a-ck. Press entire book and all sing out in chorus. Only $1.00. No C.O.D.'s. Add 15c for postage and handling. Bancroft's, Dept. CM-838, 2170 South Canalport, Chicago 8, Illinois.

TALL GALS BUY DIRECT VIA MAIL

Tall Gals low-cut shell in black patent, black, brown suede or calf. Also colors. Perfect Fit. Order Today. All sizes 8 to 12; AAAAA-C $15.45 ppd. Send us check, cash or money-order with $2.00 deposit on C.O.D.'s. Money Back Guarantee if shoes are returned unworn in 10 days. No Risk. Send for free 28 page Booklet CO. Tall Gals Shoecraft, 603 5th Ave., New York 17.

FORST FESTIVE SMOKED TURKEY

For Thanksgiving feasting, Christmas cheer — Forst Smoked Turkeys—cured in rare spices—s-l-o-w smoked over fragrant applewood embers. Ready to serve—no work! Hostess and hosts of guests alike enjoy the feasting. For yourself and as a welcome gift. 8 to 20 lbs. net weight. $1.75 lb., shipped prepaid. No C.O.D. The Forsts, Route 458, Kingston, New York.

EYEGLASSES THAT HEAR!

And improve your appearance, too. Amazing new "Listener"—full-power, 3-transistor hearing aid, completely concealed in regular glasses. No ear buttons, no cords, no ugly blobs — defies detection from front, back or sides. Enjoy miracle of fine, clear ear-level hearing. For free facts write Otarion-Listener, Dobbs Ferry 7, New York.

FAMOUS PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS

Free sample before you buy—send negative and 6c stamp—returned with deluxe card and style booklet. Trial order 25 for $1.00 plus 35c shipping limited to 25 cards a customer. Personalized from your favorite negative. (New neg. 50c). Most individual and cherished greeting. Satisfaction guar. Economy Photo Service, Dept CR-11. GPO Box 1101, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

RESTYLE YOUR OLD FUR COAT . . .

Into New Style Cape or Stole. Send No Money. $22.95, No Tax. Service includes cleaning, glazing, new lining, interlining, and monogram. Many beautiful styles available. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bonded Fur Specialists. Free—send for new style folder. Galaxy Fur Company, 236 West 27th Street, Department CN, New York 1, New York.

(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 159

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE! 107 BR. COLONY STAMPS

A most exciting offer! 107 beautiful all different stamps from Great Britain's far-flung Empire. Pictorials, Mauritius, Tanganyika, Nigeria, Singapore, others. Cat. value $2.50. Also Free Stamp Magazine and fascinating approvals. Send only 10c for handling. Act now! Niagara Stamp Company, St. Catherine's 774, Ontario, Canada.

MAKE MONEY WRITING . . .

short paragraphs. You don't have to be a trained author to make money writing. Many make money every day on short paragraphs. I tell you what to write, how to sell; and supply big list of editors who buy from beginners. Many small checks add up quickly. No tedious study. Send for free facts. Benson Barrett, Dept. 199Y, 7464 Clark, Chicago 26, Ill.

BRACELET FOR GRANDMOTHER

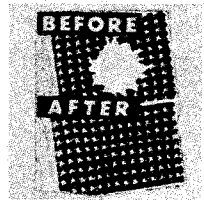
A cherished gift for Grandmother who will be proud and happy to have her beloved grandchildren with her at all times. Sterling, $3.00 plus $1.50 per disc; Gold-Filled, $4.00 plus $2.00 per disc. ¾" discs, round or square, engraved in script with child's first name, birth date. PP, tax, incl. Holiday House, 99 Bellevue Theatre Bldg., Upper Montclair, N. J.

REMODEL YOUR OLD FUR COAT

. . . into glamorous new style Cape or Stole. Direct by mail. Save 50% at our one low price of $22.95 complete. We Clean, Glaze, Repair fur, Lusterize, Remodel completely with New Lining, Interlining, Your Monogram. Send for Free Style Book today. Many different styles available to choose from. I. R. Fox, 146 West 29th Street, Dept. D-14, New York 1, N. Y.

MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME

Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it *at home, in spare time.* Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabricon, Dept. 3911, 8342 S. Prairie, Chicago 19, Illinois.



Silver Linings continued

soon as he got off the train, he rushed into a drugstore and bought a small gift-tag and a big red ribbon. Tying both card and ribbon to his uniform he set off to meet his bride.

On the card he had written: "This is the best I could do—from Joe to Mary—Merry Christmas."

—JAMES KELLER (*Just For Today*)
Doubleday & Co., Inc.

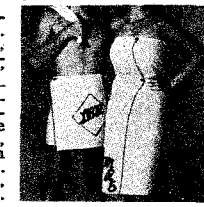
WHILE ON VACATION last summer, I was riding a bus through the rural countryside of Virginia. It was one of those old-fashioned rattly buses that wind their way slowly through the hills from one small town to another. I was sitting quietly looking out the window when a very old, shabbily dressed farmer climbed aboard carrying an enormous bouquet of spring flowers. Struck by the contrast between the old man's appearance and the beau-

3-D CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

These 3-D Christmas Decorations are attractive over the doorways, in the windows or on the tree itself. Set of star, snowflake, wreath, deer, Christmas Tree, candle, Santa Claus, 2 angels, candy cane, Nativity scene and "Merry Christmas" in block letters. 14 pieces $1.00 postpaid. S. Radin, Post Office Box 36632, Los Angeles, California.

PERSONALIZED COV-A-ROBES

Fluffy, absorbent Terry-Cloth. Keeps you dry, warm. For after bath, beach, shaving, etc. Snaps on; adjusts for perfect fit. Ladies' —White, yellow or blue— $3.95. Men's (with pocket) White—$2.95. Monogrammed with first name or initials. Small, med., lge. Guar. add 25c to each Robe for postage. No COD's. Dobbs, 1255 S. Wabash, Dept. B., Chicago 5, Ill.

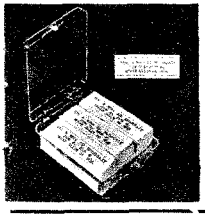


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tiful flowers, I couldn't help staring at him. Finally, he turned to me, "You like flowers?" he asked. Embarrassed, I nodded my head and turned away. "You're traveling alone," he said slowly, "and you like flowers. Here, take these," he went on, thrusting the bouquet at me. I protested, but he pressed the flowers into my arms. Then rising to leave he said, "My wife would want you to have them. I'll explain to her." With that the bus stopped, the old man climbed off, and I sat there holding the flowers as he walked slowly up the path to a tiny roadside cemetery. —NANCY NEWMAN

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

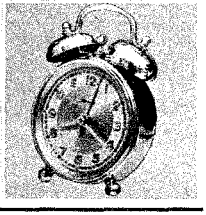
$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME



And address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75c per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50c. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Wholesale Selling Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-NT, Lynn, Massachusetts.

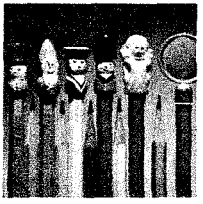
OLD TIME REPLICA "BANG" CLOCK

The two bells on top of this imported clock go off with a "bang," reliable awakener, bells do not jar the sleeper. Comes in shining brass case. Distinctively charming. Made of brass, dial is luminous, can be seen in dark. Fine time piece with alarm shut-off at top. 3½" high, 2½" wide. Guaranteed. $4.95 ppd., Matthew Day Co., Inc., Dept. C-2, Dumont, N. J.



PICCOLO PENCILS

Eight of them in bright assorted colors. Each is capped with a hand-done painted head . . . pixies, gnomes, clowns, magnifying glass, whistles, etc. Italian imports. Real fun for the child and still so practical! Nice for bridge parties too! Order #J110. Only $1.00 prepaid. 2 sets $1.95. Downs & Co., Department 7481W, Evanston, Illinois.



IMPORTED PRISMS & BOBECHE

Add radiant loveliness to candles. Bobeche with 3½" dia. & 1" hole slips over candle to catch wax drip. 8 prisms that glitter as they catch the flash of the candlelight. 1 Bobeche & 8-2" prisms, $1.95 ppd. ($3.90 a pair). 1 Bobeche & 8-3½" prisms, $2.25 ppd. ($4.50 a pair). Check, M.O. Satisfaction guar. Paulen Crystal Co., 296 Bway., Dept. C-116, N. Y. 7.

OPTICAL STAR FINDER

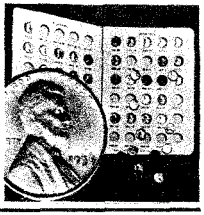
Stars - Planets - Constellations—the greatest show off earth. With one eye to the Star Finder & one eye to the sky optical illusion "projects" battery illuminated charts on the heavens to name stars, locate planets, identify constellations. Complete sky coverage with 30 charts for study & enjoyment. Only $1.98 ppd. Guar. Tri G Co., 2717 Main St., Santa Monica, Cal.

SCIENCE OUTSHINES DIAMONDS

Diamonds cost at least $1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only $24, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beau. hand-cut & polished, amaz. Capra Gems are more dazzling than diamonds. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-116, P.O. 5145, Phila. 41.

$16 PAID FOR 59 LINCOLN PENNIES

Send $1 for a Lincoln cent album (to hold your pennies). Fill the spaces with dates shown in album, return complete and receive $16 by return air mail plus $1 back for album (total $17). Save other sets worth hundreds of dollars! All information sent with 1st album. Send $1 to: Bybymail, Box 488, Dept. D-39, Hempstead, N. Y.



(Continued on next page)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIANT 8-COLOR WORLD MAP $1

Spectacular value! 12 sq. ft. Wall-Size, 8-Color World Map shows every corner of Earth. Explicit, colorful, up-to-minute. Used by Gov't, newscasters. Follow *Global strategy at a glance.* Important ref. map for school, business, playroom, den. Heavy-duty stock, only $1 ppd. Same large map US $1—Money Back Guar. Radak Pub., Dept. C-11, 505 5th Ave., NY 17.

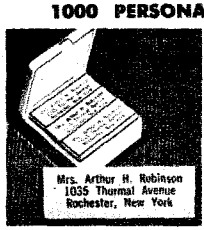
7 IMPORTED MINIATURES $1.00

Clever-Charming! Each set has tiny saucer (3½ in. dia.) and dainty matching cup (1½ in. high) with permanently "planted" multicolor fabric flowers. Both posy-painted, glazed china pieces fit securely on wood display stand. 2 complete sets plus delicate Spring flower boutonniere, $2.00 value, only $1.00 ppd. Order #68, Walter Field Co., Dept. 2237, Chicago 6, Ill.

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

Famous Speedwriting shorthand. No symbols; uses ABC's. Easiest to learn and use. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service. 120 words per minute—50% faster than Civil Service. Over 350,000 successful graduates. Typing available. Write for Free Booklet. School of Speedwriting, Dept. 611-6, 55 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

1000 PERSONALIZED LABELS $1



Your name and address (choice of 3 lines) on 1000 fine quality gummed labels, with plastic box, only $1 postpaid. Any six orders for $5. This is a Special Offer. Use on stationery, checks, books, greeting cards, records, etc. Ideal gifts—thoughtful, personal, pleasing. Satisfaction guar. Handy Labels, 1187 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City 1, California.

130 "COLOR TV" TOYS $1.00

Realistic actors, actresses, performers, clowns, cowboys, TV cameras, props —over 130 pcs. ready to cut of heavy bookstock. All stand up, average 5" high. Fun for youngsters 2 to 16 putting on Western, Circus, Variety and Drama shows. Free, 2 funny TV puppets. Send $1 plus 25c pstg. & handling or 4 sets for $4 to Clarencrest, Box 321, Lakewood, N. Y.

ALONG MAIN STREET

A STORY is told in Mississippi about an ardent temperance leader who registered at a Jackson hotel the night before a legislative session began.

Being an exacting man, he cautioned a veteran bellhop, "Be careful with that suitcase."

"Senator," beamed the bellhop, "I've been totin' 'em in for you legislators twenty years, an' I ain't broke a bottle yet." —*Wall Street Journal*

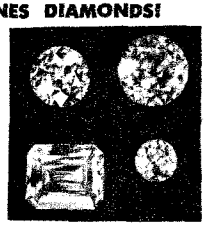
IN THE DAYS BEFORE oil was discovered in western Texas, a man stopped one night at a dry ranch. As he sized up the place, he became more and more puzzled as to how it paid its way. At last he asked the owner, "How in the world do you

RELAX IN LUXURY

Original and genuine handmade Western suntan deerskin Deer-Mocs. Mold to feet for perfect fit. Easy on & off. ¼" foam rubber insoles cushion feet in luxury comfort. Washable! Give men's or women's reg. shoe size. $8.95 pr. pp. Free 56-page catalog of gifts and outdoor clothing. Dept. 94, Norm Thompson, 1311 N. W. 21st, Portland 9, Oregon.

TITANIA—OUTSHINES DIAMONDS!

Yes, "Titania," the miracle gemstone is more brilliant, more beautiful than diamonds—yet only $10 per carat for your own mountings! A 1-ct man's ring in a 14-kt boxstyle gold setting is only $28.50; m'lady's fishtail is only $22.50; plus 10% Fed. Tax. Free ring size chart and brochure. Regent Lapidary Co., Dept. CT-2, 511 E. 12 Street, New York 9, N. Y.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manage to make a go of it here?"

Pointing a finger at a man lolling on the doorstep, the owner replied, "You see that feller there? He's the hired man. He works for me, an' I can't pay 'im. In two years he gits the ranch. Then I work for 'im 'til I git it back." —*Sunshine*

WHEN his parishioners repeatedly ignored the *"No Parking"* sign out in front of the church, an Indiana priest solved the problem simply and effectively.

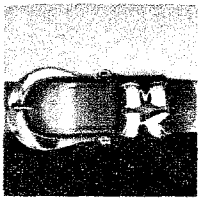
He replaced the *"No Parking"* sign with one that read—*"Thou Shalt Not Park."* —E. D. BLACK

A MARYLAND WOMAN, concerned over the effect of television cowboy movies on her youngsters, writes:

"The other day I drove through a red light at a busy intersection and was handed my first traffic ticket. My three-year-old son watched the

AROUND YOUR WAIST

Fashion decrees the harness belt this season. This one, superbly styled of genuine leather, 1½" wide, accented by a bright brass buckle, is personalized with 2 brass initials. Cherry red, luggage, navy, jet black. Sizes 22-32. Modest price—$2.15 ppd. Scoop 'em up for gifts. Greenhall, Dept. C-11, 1133 Broadway, New York 10, New York.



NEW FUR CAPE FOR $22.95 . . .

made from your old fur coat. Let Morton's Fur Wizards remodel your out-of-style old fur into latest style cape, stole or jacket. Only $22.95 complete. Includes: New Lining, Monogram, Glazing, Cleaning. Free! Write immediately for new 12 page Photo Book of widest style selections. Send your name and address to Morton's, Dept. 150-J, Washington 4, D. C.

BE A HOTEL HOSTESS

Enjoy Your Work! Fascinating positions, in hotels, motels, clubs, apartment house projects as Hostess, Exec. Housekeeper, Mgr., etc. Alice Behr writes: "Am Hotel Hostess-Housekeeper, and my position is well paid." Write for Free Book. Approved for All Vet. Training. 40th Anniversary yr. Lewis Hotel Training School, Sta. BS-3201, Wash. 7, D. C.

SAVE UP TO 50% ON VITAMINS

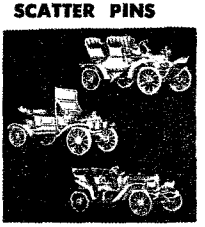
Vitamins are standardized according to government regulations. Vitamin A is the same regardless of brand. Save on Vitamins. Here's one example; 100 Vitamin A capsules, 25,000 USP units, average price $4—Hudson's low price only $1. Compare. Save! Write for Free catalog. Hudson Vitamin Products, Dept. 554, 165 Greenwich St., New York 6, N. Y.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

Restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, N. Y.

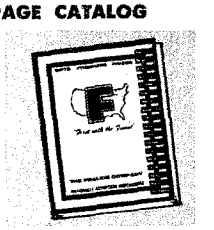
"ANTIQUE AUTO" SCATTER PINS

Accurate 1" copper replicas of Model 'T' Ford, 1903 Cadillac, 1909 Stanley Steamer. "Park" them on suit, hat, dress or scarf. Only $2 for the set of 3; ppd; tax incl. Also matching earrings (pr.) men's cuff links (pr.) and tie clasp—each $1.50. Send for free catalog of other unusual copper jewelry. Roslyn Hoffman, 656 Broadway, New York 12, N. Y.



FREE! BIG 120 PAGE CATALOG

Go into business for yourself in your spare time. No investment, no stock to carry. Sell famous brand items to neighbors and friends: radios, watches, clocks, jewelry, cookware, appliances, cutlery, toys and thousands of others. You buy at low wholesale prices. Make big profits every sale. Write Fraleib Co., Dept. C1, 39 Union Sq. New York, N.Y.



(Continued on next page)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR MEN OF GOOD TASTE!

The Flying Jodhpur. You'll proudly wear this fine imported shoe. Soft as a glove, comfortable, yet fully leather-lined. Expertly bench-made of superb quality leather. Cordovan Brown, Black or Tan. Sizes 5-13. Give size & width with order. Satisfaction guar. $18.00 pair. $2 deposit on C.O.D. Navarro Bros., Mdse. Mart, El Paso, Tex. Data Free.

ATTACHE CASE

Continental style briefcase so popular on Madison Ave. Hard-wearing "Mustang Tolex." Saddle stitching with brass finish hardware. Combines luxury appearance, rugged durability. Ideal for overnight, weekend trips, to hold personal necessities, papers. Size 17" x 11½" x 3½". $9.95 includes Fed. Tax. Ppd. Gift World, Box 369, White Plains, New York.

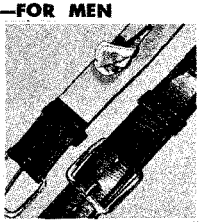
ADD-A-RACK POKER CHIP SET

New sectional poker chip stacks. Just a twist releases separate chip racks with equal number of chips for each player. Set has 5 trays, cover plates, 150 non-breakable interlocking plastic chips. Each rack is replaced by locking on top of another. Sets can be combined. 5 rack set $3 ppd. Camalier & Buckley, 1141 Conn. Ave., N.W. Washington 6, D. C.

GIVE NEW SLEEP COMFORT

A perfect gift for all. Amazing Blanket Support gives you a luxurious foot-free space. With sleep-robbing weight of covers eliminated — you stretch and turn freely. Natural, restful sleep comes quickly. Fits all beds. Arms fold down. Essential for arthritics. $3.98 ppd. Better Sleep Inc., Dept. 386, New Providence, New Jersey.

MONEY BELT—FOR MEN



A perfect gift for the man away from home . . . on business or vacation, at school or in the army. Top quality cowhide belt with 2 concealed zippered pockets. Gift boxed. Brown or black. Sizes 30 to 44. Only $3.95. Clarion Products, Box 488T, Highland Park Illinois. Send for free catalog of unusual gifts for everyone in the family.

ALONG MAIN STREET *continued*

officer in growing excitement, and finally inquired, "Mommy, why don't you shoot it out with him?"

—*Panorama*

A TOURIST stopping for gas in an extremely small New England town started a conversation with an old native who lounged nearby.

"You don't mean to tell me you've lived in this out-of-the-way place for 50 years?" asked the surprised tourist.

"That's right."

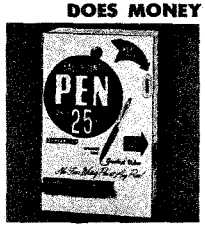
"But," insisted the tourist, "I can't see what you can find to keep you busy around here."

"Neither can I," was the reply. "That's why I like it!"

—DAN BENNETT (*Quote*)

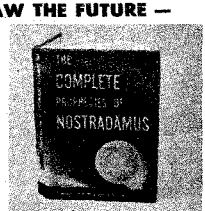
MY MOTHER is a delightfully naive person who never fully understands anything mechanical or scientific. When daylight saving time was

DOES MONEY INTEREST YOU?



Operate these ball point pen vending machines in locations in your own town & others as well. Pens cost 13c ea. Sell for 25c ea. You pay location 5c per pen. You net 7c each sale. Earn $500 to $1000 monthly. Small investment. Fast return. Free cat. incl. other money making opptys. Write National Sanitary Sales Inc., 6640 N. Western Ave., Chic. 45, Dept. CN.

NOSTRADAMUS SAW THE FUTURE —



He predicted Atomic War, Time of Peace on Earth and amazing events to year 3797 A.D. Only existing vol. to give you every Nostradamus prophecy. You'll see how past events have come true with uncanny accuracy. See how the 1000 predictions in "The Complete Prophecies of Nostradamus" will affect you! Vol. $5 ppd. Nostradamus, Inc., Dept. C-1056, 380 Canal St., N. Y. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first introduced and everyone was talking about it, Mother was asked what she thought of the new idea. After pondering for a moment she replied casually, "Oh I don't think I'll bother with it." —MRS. MARIE HANKINS

A TIRED TEXAN drove up in front of his home, stumbled out of his auto and into the arms of his solicitous wife, gasping: "Oh, boy, is it hot! I thought I'd never get out of that car."

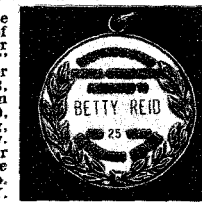
Surprised, his wife asked why on earth hadn't he rolled down the windows. "What," he shouted, "and let people know we don't have an air-conditioned car?" —FRANK FORDE

IN A SMALL midwestern town there's a man named Ed who always takes the optimistic view. Comes tornado, flood or fire, he spits tobacco juice and says, "Well, it could have been worse."

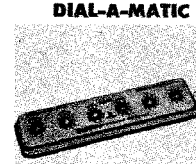
One day two town loafers, Tim-

MARRIAGE MEDALS

Ideal way to say "I love you" . . recall years of wedded bliss. Perfect for "her" bracelet, or "his" key chain. Sterling Silver or Gold filled: ¾" dia. $3, 1" $4, 1¼" $5, 1½" $7. In 14K Gold: $12, $15, $30, $40. Prices incl. engraving, tax, ppd. 1 week delivery. Specify name and number of years married. Wayne Silversmiths, 546C So. Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.



DIAL-A-MATIC ADDING MACHINE

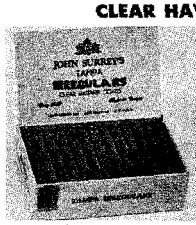


For home, school or business, this all-plastic brain adds to 999,999 accurately—subtracts & multiplies! Six dials take figures, six windows flash results. Unique lever automatically clears machine. Mechanically guaranteed — all moving parts made of sturdy Du Pont Nylon. $4 Pp. New Jersey Engraving Co. (Est. 1930), 1100 Commerce Ave., Union, N. J.

GIANT CRYSTAL STORAGE BOX

Keeps delicate apparel fresh, lovely and protected from dust. Crystal clear polystyrene. 15" x 11" by 6". Contents can be seen at a glance. Holds a dozen sweaters, blouses, slips, etc. or several knitted suits. Fits on closet shelf. Ideal for off season storage. $5.95 ppd. No COD's. National Hanger Co., Dept. C10, 15 W. 18th St., New York 11, N. Y.

CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS



Tampa Irregulars. Try them at our expense. Quality Clear Havana, worth much more. Slight imperfections which are guaranteed to in no way impair the original smoking quality, enable us to sell at this low price. They must suit or return for full refund, the cigars smoked will cost you nothing. $4.75 box of 50. John Surrey, Ltd., 11 W. 32nd St., New York 11, N. Y.

LIVE LONGER IN FLORIDA!

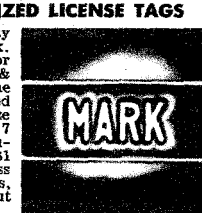
At Daytona Park Estates, a short drive from Daytona Beach. Write for free color brochures and details of homesites, only $250 per lot, $25 down, $5 mo. ea.; (min. 3 lots), money back guarantee. Also how we can help you plan, finance, build your Low-Cost, Tax-Exempt Home. Florida Land & Homes Bureau, Inc., Dept. YC-11, P.O. Box 848, Daytona Beach, Fla.

FLEXIBLE DOLLHOUSE DOLLS

Children love and learn with these almost human dolls. Flexible bodies can be bent to sit, stand, kneel, run, dance, etc. Authentic handmade costumes. Washable, durable. 4½" father, mother; 3½" boy, girl in dollhouse box—$4.00 ppd. 10 pc. set $10.95. Free catalog of 100 dolls. Flagg Dolls, Box 205T, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

NEW PERSONALIZED LICENSE TAGS

that reflect. A new safety feature "reflects" in dark. Perfect safeguard for bikes, tricycles, wagons & autos, name or nickname embossed in reflectorized white on ebony steel, size 8" x 3". Pat. Pend. Only 7 spaces permitted (no numerals or abbr. marks). $1 pp., add 10c for 1st class mail. Cantor Enterprises, Dept. CU-11, 1831 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.



(Continued on next page)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

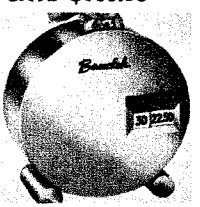
Writing stories, articles enables you to earn extra money. Susan Brown writes: "Since enrolling, I've sold 76 articles." In your own home, with the NIA Method, you, too, can learn to write by writing, the way newspaper men and women do. Write Today for our Free "Writing Aptitude Test." Newspaper Institute of America, Suite 5516-T, One Park Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

FOR PEOPLE 60 TO 80

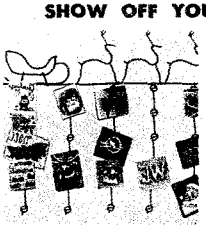
Let us tell you how you can still apply for a $1,000 life insurance policy to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family. You can handle the entire transaction by mail. No one will call on you. Simply mail postcard, giving age, to Old American Insurance Company, Dept. L1125M, 1 West 9th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

FORCES YOU TO SAVE $100.00

a year automatically! Get Perpetual Date & Amount Bank. 25c a day automatically keeps Date up to date. Also totals amount saved. Forces you to save daily, or calendar won't change date. Use year after year. Start right away. Order several. Reg. $3.50. Now only $1.99 each; 3 for $5.75 ppd. Mail to Leecraft, Dept. CR, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, New York.



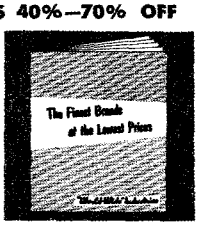
SHOW OFF YOUR XMAS CARDS!



Here's Santa's "Reindeer Express"—all set to hold up your prettiest Christmas cards! Makes them part of the decorations. Flatters the senders! 40" long over-all. Gold-flecked black wrought iron. Has 6 wrought iron hook-on rods to show off 144 cards. $2 ppd. Max Schling Seedsmen, Dept. 619, 538 Madison Ave., New York 22, New York.

NATIONAL BRANDS 40%—70% OFF

Free Catalog describes 600 famous brands at amazing discounts direct to you by mail. Save up to 70% off regular price. Shop at home with giant 60-p. Color Catalog of giftware, jewelry, appliances, & nationally advertised products. Send 25c for handling, refundable on first order. Merchandise shipped in 24 hours. World Wide Industries, Dept. T, 123 Mercer St., N. Y. C.



ALONG MAIN STREET *continued*

othy and John, cooked up a gruesome story about a certain farmer and Timothy bet John $5.00 that the optimist could find absolutely no ray of sunshine in it.

"Something terrible just happened out at Wiley's farm," Tim told Ed. "Wiley came home and found the hired man tryin' to make love to his wife. He went berserk, shot the hired man, shot his wife and set the house afire. The fire got out of control, burned his barn and chicken house and set fire to his crops. The poor devil finally shot himself. Wasn't that terrible?"

"Pfft. Could have been worse," said Ed.

"How?" asked Tim.

"Could have happened day before yesterday."

"Why would it have been worse then?"

"Could have been me got shot—instead of the hired man."

—LEWIS BIDDISON

IN DIRECT CONTRAST with the label so complacently displayed on some automobiles in the Southern part of the United States, a foreign car made in Germany was seen cruising the streets of Los Angeles with the following sign in its rear window:

"MADE IN DER BLACK FOREST BY DER ELFS."

—JACK FRISCH

A MEMBER of an Iowa garden club paid a visit to a neighbor's home wearing an extremely high-style hat. The neighbor's little boy who met her at the door couldn't take his eyes off the hat. After a moment he asked, "Whatcha playing?"

—ELIZABETH CLARKSON ZWART
(*The Des Moines Tribune*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified

The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE CHILDREN

IF your child is a poor reader—See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Send postcard for free illustrated folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. B-16, Wilmette, Illinois.

PERFECT child's pet. Real live Mexican Burros. Intelligent, lovable, sturdy. Economical to feed. Approx. 38" to 43" high. Can hitch to cart. Surprisingly inexpensive. Write today for free photo folder. Navarro, Merchandise Mart, El Paso, Tex.

BEDSPREADS with matching Drapes. Wide variety of long-wearing easy-to-care-for fabrics. Assured savings. Send 25c for complete catalog & swatches; deductible from order. May Schaffer, Box C, Elkins Park 17, Pennsylvania.

LETTER from Santa before Christmas enchants any child from 3 to 8, especially a newsy letter of Santa's Workshop mailed from the North Pole to the child direct. Airmail address and 25c in coin to Walker's Weekly, Box 71, Fairbanks, Alaska.

FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy Direct Via Mail. 5th Av. shoes as low as $9.95. Perfect fittings. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for Free 28 page booklet ET. No risk to you. Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York.

EARN $50 Fast sewing our precut products during spare time. $3.00 per hour possible. Information 3c. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

CATALOG—Free, showing complete equipment for cake decorating and unusual baking. Ateco tubes and syringes, many outstanding instruction and recipe books, pans and molds to make your baking really different! A new customer writes, "I'm thrilled to death with your catalog—by far the most interesting Wish Book I've ever seen!" Baking makes perfect hobby, profitable home business. Maid of Scandinavia, 3245-C Raleigh, Minneapolis, Minn.

WIDE Shoes that are smart, low-priced and comfortable for women. World's largest selection! In the privacy of your own home select from newest styles, fashionable colors, every heel height. Write for Free catalog today. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Sizes 4 to 12, widths C to EEE. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Philadelphia 47, Pennsylvania.

HONEYMOONS. "The Place They Told You About." Newlyweds only. Your own secluded cottage, meals at the Homestead, lots to do but no planned program. Write, mentioning dates, for unique picture story. Farm on the Hill, Box 11C, Swiftwater, Pa.

EARN money at home with your Typewriter or Sewing Machine! Turn spare time into dollars! Location doesn't matter. No special education needed! Write today for free details. Carl E. Edwards, 3912C, 12th, Des Moines 13, Iowa.

LADIES! Don't let slipping heel straps ruin your trip—use "Strap Stay." Whether you're dancing, traveling, or shopping, "Strap Stay" is the answer. Carry the handy tube in pocket or purse. Apply directly to inside of your shoe strap. "Strap Stay" works like magic! It is safe, odorless, stainless, and makes hose heels wear longer. Money back guarantee. Mail $1.00 for ppd. tube of "Strap Stay." Roy Field Co., Box 217, 2045 Lake Hills Pkwy., Baton Rouge 1, La.

LONG Narrow Feet now can order by mail: no extra charge for sizes to 12; widths to AAAAAA. Write today for Free Booklet of beautiful new Autumn styles. Perfect fit guaranteed or money back. Mooney & Gilbert, 17 West 57th St., N. Y. C.

24 BOTTLETTES Genuine Imported French Perfumes only $1.00 ppd. Samples from world renowned Perfumers. Supply limited—this offer may never be duplicated at this low price. Order several sets Now for Guaranteed Prompt delivery! Perfume Importers Co., Dept. P-160-A, Farmingdale, New York.

HARD To Fit? Send now for free catalog of sparkling new styles in shoes for tall girls, narrow shoes, wide shoes. Sizes 3½ to 13, AAAAAA to EEE. From $3.95. Guaranteed to delight! Moccasin-Craft, 86 Mulberry St., Lynn, Massachusetts.

DRESS like a star! For glamour that women envy—men love. Rush 10c for subscription to Frederick's catalog of Hollywood glamour fashions. Copies of $200 Paris—Hollywood creations only $19.95. Dept. 5691, Frederick's of Hollywood, Hollywood 28, Calif.

FUR Coats, Capes, Jackets, Etc. Big savings! Low prices direct from one of the oldest reliable fur firms. Send for free catalog of complete line of genuine furs in latest 1957 styles plus details of our famous Remodeling Service. Money back guarantee. H. M. J. Fur Co., 150-CF, W. 28th St., N.Y.C. 1, N.Y.

$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Write Sanco Manufacturing Company, 8507-A West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California.

(*Continued on next page*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE MEN

10 CIGARS! Trial offer! Get yours! Includes tantalizing Havanas, Longfillers, Blends. Worth $2.08. Send $1, deductible from first regular order. $1 back if not satisfied. Free list of astounding cigar buys. You Can't Lose! Havana-Florida Co., Dept. 112, 94 River St., Hoboken, New Jersey.

KISSES are welcomed from that velvety smooth face uniformly produced by just stropping your double edge blades with Razormate. Easy to use. Fits right in your razor case. Never wears out. Reduces skin cuts 90%. Only $1.00 prepaid—Money back guarantee—Keech Mfg. Co., Dept. A, 1541 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles 15, California.

JOB satisfaction! Quicken your husband's progress safely; he can get the right job. Scientific methods you can use are revealed in Bernard Haldane's "Seed for Success." Send 25c for your copy. Executive Job Counselors, 16 E. 41st St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

COOKBOOK—Magnificent, new 325-page volume for creative hosts and hostesses. Esquire Cookbook contains over 750 recipes from gourmet delicacies to scrambled eggs. Over 200 color illustrations. Only $5.95 postpaid. Beautiful gift for friends and yourself. Write: Buy Products, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, New York.

FOR THE FAMILY

THE New Look in Christmas Cards. 16 tall, slim, modern greetings for only $1. Free Gift coupon is included plus catalog of bargains in gifts, cards and housewares. Also order Birthday Box—$1, or Get-Well Box—$1. Easy Chair, Hancock at Central, Everett, Massachusetts.

REMINDER Service! Reminders of birthdays, anniv., etc. of family, friends, relatives sent to you before each event. $1 for 3 dates; extra dates 20c each; 6 more for another $1. Send dates, remittance to For-Get-Me-Not Reminders, Box 23, Holyoke, Mass.

BUY at 20 to 80% discounts. $1.00 brings catalog and $1.00 merchandise certificate. Nationally known brands. All merchandise new and fully guaranteed. E. C. Radaker, 510-A Park Avenue, Anderson, Indiana.

ATTEN: Housewives—Church Organ. Clubs. Send for new catalog. Buy now, no investment, same day shipment—Low Prices. Hundreds of the finest exclusive name brand items. Fully illustrated, fully guaranteed. Gifts, Jewelry, Toys, Sporting Goods, Tools and hundreds of other items. Send 25c (no stamps please) to Dudden Co., P.O. Box 536, Syracuse 1, N.Y.

FOR THE HOME

FOAM Rubber furniture cushions. Factory seconds —50% discount. Replace old spring and down cushions with comfortable lifetime Foam Rubber at ½ price. Send for free illustrated catalog. Perma-Foam. 236-K Rhode Island Ave., E. Orange, N. J.

ANTIQUE Fire Apparatus depicted in color on heavy absorbent Coasters. Gift wrapped. 2 Doz. assorted $1.00 Ppd. 12 Dozen $4.00 Ppd. Matching set of 2 beautifully framed 3¼ x 4 Fire Miniatures, $3.00. Hobby Mats, Dept. C, Box 145, Balsam Lake, Wisc.

LOW Prices to All. Tape Recorders, Tapes, Phonographs, 4 speed changers, AM/FM radios, portable transistor radios, hi-fi equipment, TV. Mail 25c for bargain catalog (refunded on first order). Towers (Dept. C), Box 155, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

FOR GARDEN FANS

ORCHID Plants Shipped In Bloom! 3 plants $5.35; Six $9.35, Pp. Assorted Colors. Ever-blooming novelty varieties. Free growing instructions. Fascinating Orchid booklet 50c. Free pricelist. S. C. Presner, 6500 S.W. 14 St., W. Miami, Fla. (Visitors Welcome)

FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

115 STAMPS from all 5 continents including Air-mails, Dead Countries, Pictorials, etc., value over $2.00, all for 10c to introduce our superb service of U.S. and Foreign Approvals to collectors. Globus Stamp, New York 10, N. Y., Dept. 14.

STAMP Collection Free. More than 100 diff. fascinating stamps—Europe, Africa, So. America, Scandinavia, Balkans, Asia, etc., used and unused stamps. Free to approval service applicants for 3c postage. Tatham Stamp Co., Springfield 33, Massachusetts.

SPECIAL Stamp Offer! To acquaint you with our better U.S. approvals, you get 2 different $5.00 U.S. stamps plus 20 others; Hi-Values, Air-Mails, Commemoratives, etc. Send 10c for Lot No. 20. Irwin, Box 11-45, Brooklyn 30, New York.

COLLECTION Monaco stamps featuring Wedding of Princess Grace Kelly; also Presidents Eisenhower, Lincoln, Washington, Roosevelt and others. Only 10c to introduce—approvals. Goliath Stamp Co., Bethlehem B36, New Hampshire.

319 DIFFERENT Stamps, incl. Giant glider aviation set. Israel airpost, fish & insects from Ifni, Sahara, Guinea, Plus hundreds of others. Everything for only 25c with approvals. Bonus: Valuable Imperf. Error & 48 Page Stamp Dictionary incl. Free. Stampex, Box 47-BC, White Plains, New York.

14,000 ALL different foreign stamps. Yours on our streamlined, systematic Club Plan for only 50c weekly. Big shipment every two weeks. Details Free. Write to: L. G. Ware, Box 23, Baldwin 28, New York.

315 ALL-DIFFERENT stamps—including Grace Kelly-Rainier Royal Wedding; giant Monaco U. S. President Set; Dutch New Guinea 1st stamp issued. Catalog value, $6.95—yours for 25c to introduce our Bargain Approvals. Send 25c to Zenith Co., Dept. PE-1, 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, New York.

$5,000.00 SUPERB mint Oriental Commem. issue cpl. given with beautiful and valuable collection of British—Port.—French—Belg. Colonials—136 all diff. stamps entirely Free! Adults only. Approvals enclosed. Also free—Collectors Handbook worth $$. Frasek Co., Dept. CR, White Plains, New York.

"VENUS" stamp (superb Venus di Milo in brilliant color) plus Alexander the Great, stamp showing ancient coin, bullfight, Olympics, etc. Complete mint set, 10c with beautiful approvals. Winthrop Stamp Co., Dept. C, Groton, Connecticut.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR AUTHORS & PUBLISHERS

MANUSCRIPTS Invited for books. We have made and published books on the co-operative plan for more than 30 years; circular free. A world-wide publishing service is offered. Meador Publishing Co., 324 Newbury St., Boston, Massachusetts.

BOOK Manuscripts Considered by cooperative publisher who offers authors early publication, higher royalty and national distribution. All subjects welcomed. Submit MS to Greenwich Book Publishers, Inc., Atten. Mr. North, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

FOR MUSIC & RECORD FANS

LP Records—Mercury, London, Columbia, Capitol, RCA: Sealed in plastic. Reg. $3.98 LPs—3 for only $10.95 ppd. Diamond needle for most phonos $16.00. List records you want, send check or MO (no COD). The Record Shop, Div. C, Box 767, Aiken, S. C.

FOR PHOTO FANS

PHOTO Christmas Cards made from your own snapshot negatives. Truly personal and distinctive. 25 cards $1.50—100 for $5.00 including envelopes. Your name imprinted 75c extra. Send your negative for Free Sample and choice of styles. Photo-Mail, Box 216C, New York 10, New York.

KODACOLOR film processing—75c! Prints 25c! Quality! Service! Color prints from transparencies, 2½x3½—25c! 3½x3½ & 3½x5—40c! Enclose payment. We mail 1st class. Money back guarantee. Color King Labs, Box 1421-A, Baltimore 3, Md.

8 GIANT Prints with exclusive "Snap-Tone" quality—40c. 12 exposures—60c. Valuable Savings on Color Film—down to earth prices on color finishing, flash bulbs, etc. For snappy Photos and service, mail your films to Wisconsin Film Service, Box C1, West Salem, Wisconsin.

COLOR-PRINTS from Kodachrome, Ektachrome, Anscochrome color film. Highest quality fast service. Money back guarantee. 2¼x3¼—25c; 3½x5—45c; 5x7—$1; 8x10—$2. Duplicate 35mm slides 25c. Write for complete price list. Colorfax Laboratories, 1160-0 Bonifant Street, Silver Spring, Maryland.

COLOR SLIDES

150,000 SLIDES in color in stock covering the United States and 70 foreign countries. Fill in the scenes you missed on your trip. Send 9c for 72-page Catalog to Capt. M. W. Arps, USN, ret. Box 1715, Washington 13, D. C.

FOR TRAVELERS & VACATIONISTS

HAPPY dream home for lonesome retired couples, single ladies-gentlemen. Famous air conditioned bay front hotel amid the flowers and sunshine of fabulous Florida, now a home for Golden Agers, with new friends, new interests, happier living. Good food, every comfort, amazingly low cost to accepted friends, $25-$30 weekly. Write Friendly Faw, Monson Club Hotel, Desk 101, St. Augustine, Fla.

FINEST restaurants and clubs from coast-to-coast are listed in Esquire Club's 176-page dining guide. Pocket-size! Gives prices, specialties, detailed information! Limited supply! Send 25c to. Esquire Club, Dept. 7502, 488 Madison Avenue, New York City 22, New York.

FOR MOTORISTS

AT last! "Reclaimo," the new electrically-heated oil re-refining filter is now available. Keeps car, truck, tractor engines "young and frisky." Write for free folder. Reclaimo Mfg. Co., 6251 Touhy Ave., Dept. CM, Chicago 30, Illinois.

FOR INVENTORS

PATENT Searches, including copies of nearest patents, $6.00. Reports airmailed within 48 hours. More than 100 registered patent attorneys use my service. Free invention protection forms. Miss Ann Hastings, P. O. Box 176-A, Washington 4, D. C.

FOR DO-IT-YOURSELF FANS

LEATHERCRAFT, the most rewarding Do-It-Yourself hobby. So easy to make attractive Belts, Gloves, Purses, Billfolds, etc., with Larson Kits. Free Illustrated Catalog. Write J. C. Larson Co., 820 S. Tripp, Dept. 6260C, Chicago 24, Illinois.

FOR CONTEST FANS

WIN contest money. General Contest Bulletin has helped others win; gives hundreds of tips. Lists current contests and rules. Sample copy of magazine 25c. General Contest Bulletin, 1609 East 5th, Dept. 400, Duluth, Minnesota.

FREE copy of "Prize Ideas" the publication that has launched many successful winners. Packed with prize winning aids, entries that have won, news of current contests. All-American School, Dept. CO, 1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

FUND RAISING

CLUBS and Church Groups, earn $100 to $500 cash plus (24) handsome, sturdy card tables. No deposit. No risk. Has earned Good Housekeeping Seal. Write for details, F. W. Mathers, Advertising Card Tables, Dept. CT, Mt. Ephraim, N. J.

BUSINESS & SPECIAL SERVICES

MAKE money in the stock market! New Free book tells how to start small, build up; how to learn "the ropes" before investing. Send name on postcard. "How to Make Your Money Work Harder For You" mailed Free. No salesman will call. No obligation. M. R. Warner, Publisher, 1512 Jarvis, Dept. 1311, Chicago, Illinois.

(Continued on next page)

TO MAIL ORDER ADVERTISERS: Through the Coronet Family Shopper you can expose your products and services each month to more than 10,500,000 discriminating and budget-wise Coronet readers. For full information on insertions in any of the three Family Shopper divisions: (1) Display Section, (2) Shopping Guide—Classified, or (3) School and College Directory, write, indicating the division in which you are interested, to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. (Future closing dates: November 20 for February issue; December 20 for March issue.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE Money Writing Short Paragraphs! No tedious study. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply list of editors buying from beginners. Many small checks add up quickly. Write to sell right away. Send for free facts. Benson Barrett, Dept. C-199-Y, 7464 Clark, Chicago 26, Ill.

MEN and Women Wanted to start home business in spare time with little table-top rubber stamp machine. Easy to earn up to $9.80 an hour without previous experience. Full particulars Free by mail. Send postcard to Roberts, 1512 Jarvis, Room 211, Chicago 32, Illinois.

NEW Home Club Plan Sensation! Style Shows—Children's, Adults' apparel easily earns $20.00-$40.00 evenings. Prizes, Gifts, fun! Experience unnecessary. *Complete outfit furnished. Beeline Fashions*, Bensenville 632, Illinois.

YOU can Make Money for Christmas in spare time taking magazine renewal subscriptions. No capital or experience necessary. All supplies are furnished. Write Today! McGregor Magazine Agency, Dept. 830, Mount Morris, Illinois.

BE wholesale supplier of excellent costume jewelry to 10 or more local contracting stores selling from customer-appealing displays. Requires 7 hrs. monthly and $460 for guaranteed saleable stock. Full particulars, MLC, Box 12, Signal Mountain, Tenn.

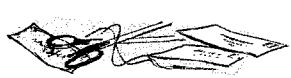
HOME Sewers Wanted—Earn extra cash making readi-cut ties, experience unnecessary. No selling. We instruct. Free details: Jud San, 518 E. 105th, Dept. K-24, Cleveland 8, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

EARN Extra Money selling Advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect. Start without experience; men, women. Free sample kit furnished. Match Corp. of America, Dept. GM-12, Chicago 32, Illinois.

WANT To Make Big Money At Home? $5 profit in an hour possible with Invisible reweaving. Make tears, holes disappear from clothing, fabrics. Steady demand from cleaners, laundries, homes. Details Free. Fabricon, Dept. BA, 8342 S. Prairie, Chicago 19.

MEN—Women! Start Money-Making Plastic Laminating Business at home in spare time. Material that cost 11c brings back $2.50. No canvassing or selling but mail orders bring in $20 a day. Write for full particulars. Free. Rush name on postcard to Warner, Rm. 211, 1512 Jarvis, Chicago 26, Illinois.



START Big-Pay Business at Home in spare time. No experience needed to operate little table-top machine for bronzing baby shoes. Make $5.46 profit on every pair. Full particulars Free. Send postcard to Mason, 1512 Jarvis, Room 211, Chicago 26, Ill.

$1,000 MONTHLY Possible raising Earthworms! Backyard, Garage, Basement. Complete *Illustrated* Booklet explains raising, feeding, packing, marketing. Only 25c postpaid! Ozark Worm Farm—21, Willow Springs, Missouri.

ADVERTISING Book Matches—Easy to sell. No experience needed—full or part time. Cash commission. Union Label, all styles, sizes. Powerhouse *selling kit Free. Superior Match*, Dept. N-1156, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19, Illinois.

IMPORT-Export opportunity, profitable, worldwide, mail order business from home, without capital; or travel abroad. We ship proven plan, for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free details. Mellinger, Dept. 111, Los Angeles 24, California.

$1,000.00 A month possible for making dramatic 3-second demonstration of amazing lightweight Presto Fire Extinguisher. New chemical, used by Air Force, snuffs out fires instantly. Only $4.95. Terrific commissions. Millions want it. Free Kit. Merlite, 114 E. 32nd, Dept. X-59N, New York 16, New York.

LEARN Real Estate. Easy; "learn-by-listening-to-records." No experience needed. Be own boss. Teaches complete brokerage, management & profitable investment secrets used by wealthy expert to make fortune. Lee Institute, F. Brookline 46, Mass.

60% PROFIT Possible on Cosmetics—Why make less? Famous nationally advertised Studio Girl Hollywood Cosmetics pay up to 60%! Make up to $25 day and more! Hire others. Write or wire for free samples, details. Studio Girl, Glendale, California, Dept. 18611E.

FREE Catalog of Name Brand Watches, Jewelry & Appliances. Save Money and Make Big Profits—No Investment. 2¢ Postcard brings details—No obligation. Excellent Xmas Gift Selections. Dept. CO-11. Harry Cohon & Sons, 1069 Utica Ave., B'klyn 3, N.Y.

BUY Bargains! Resell At Big Profits. Brand name—Appliances, cookware, housewares, watches, Jewelry, dry goods, clothing, sporting goods, toys, gifts, etc. Free 1957 color catalog. Merit Home Products, Dept. COR-11, 107 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn 6, N.Y.

BARGAIN Catalog! 30-80% Discounts! Appliances, Musical Instruments, Typewriters, Tools, Watches, Jewelry, Cameras, Housewares, etc. Start your own business. Details Free. Consolidated Distributors, 1300-79 Main, Clifton, New Jersey.

CAN You Picture Yourself In This Direct Selling Business? It started from scratch 8 years ago. It is now one of the largest businesses of its kind in the U.S.A. We are now ready to start building a sales organization in undeveloped areas. We need outstanding, ambitious men, who can prove by their background that they can handle this top spot. Must be able to build, lead and inspire a large sales organization. Prefer men who aspire to earn further promotions in this young business. Write Wm. C. Scheetz, Dept. "C", Newark, New York State.

$150 A Week Possible—Plus Bonus—For Only 4 orders a day! Sell America's leading Bronzed Baby shoes. Every parent a prospect. Write today for details of free sample offer. Alice Ames, 98C Business Street, Boston 36, Massachusetts.

SALESMEN—Making Big Money is as easy as fall*ing off a log! There is no selling involved in placing* Novo Humorous Greeting Card displays with all types of stores. 25 years of tremendous success. Nationally advertised — non-competitive — Christmas—Valentine—everyday cards. Each store can make you up to $250.00 annually. Just stop and think what 100 store accounts will do for your income! Write Novo, 1166 Milwaukee, Dept. CR-1, Chicago 22, Ill.

CASH in your spare time! Take magazine subscription orders from friends, neighbors, relatives. Special offers on Popular Magazines. High commissions. Free sales kit. Write: Magazines, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS—PERSONAL

HIGHEST Cash Paid for Old Gold or Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Rings, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles, Platinum, Mercury. Write for Free Information. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Rose Refiners, 29-CB East Madison St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

BORROWING by Mail. Loans $100 to $600 to employed men and women. Easy, quick. Completely confidential. No endorsers. Repay in convenient monthly payments. Details free in plain envelope. Give occupation. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. E-250, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOL and COLLEGE DIRECTORY

Coronet lists the following schools and colleges for those readers interested in verified educational opportunities. For additional information write directly to the schools mentioning Coronet as the source of your interest.

SECRETARIAL SCHOOLS

SHORTHAND in 6 Weeks. Age no obstacle. Lowest cost. Famous Speedwriting shorthand. No symbols, no machines, uses ABC's. Easiest to learn and use. Fast preparation for a better position. Nationally used in leading offices and Civil Service. 120 words per minute—50% faster than Civil Service requirements. Over 350,000 taught at home or through classroom instruction. The very low cost will surprise you. Typing available. 34th Year. Schools in over 400 cities in U. S., Canada, Cuba and Hawaii. Write today for free booklet which gives full details —and free sample lesson that will show you how easily and quickly you can learn Speedwriting shorthand. School of Speedwriting, Dept. 4911-6, 55 West 42nd Street, New York 36, New York.

HOME INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS

BE A Real Estate Broker. Insure Security for yourself and your family. Study at home. Prepare for state examination. GI Approved. Write for Free Book Today. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2016J Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

WHY Don't You Write? Writing short stories, articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, sports, travel, local, club and church activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write the way newspaper men and women learn—by writing. Our "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, Suite 5496-T, One Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

LEARN Gregg shorthand fast, modern way. Intensive correspondence course with dictation on records. Take dictation with 1st lesson. Set own pace. Personal attention. Lic. Pa. Free Information. Price School, 2710 Laurel, North Hills, Pa.

COMPLETE your high school at home in spare time with 59-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Booklet free. Write American School, Dept. X817, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

FREE Trial. At Home quickly learn to speak French, Spanish, 34 languages by Linguaphone's World Standard Conversational Method—or it costs you nothing. Send for Free Book—Linguaphone Institute, C116 Rock. Plaza, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

ACCOUNTING—Acute shortage of men and women Accountants makes real opportunity. La Salle prepares you quickly in spare time at low cost. Accounting ability offers top pay—secure future. Free book gives facts—describes opportunities. Write La Salle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution, Dept. H558, 417 S. Dearborn, Chicago 5, Ill.

AIRLINES Need Women! Home study course prepares you for exciting, romantic job as hostess, receptionist, reservationist, etc. Good pay, rapid advance. Travel, adventure. Free placement service, details. Careers with Airlines. 9011 Hyde Pk. Bank Bldg., Chicago 15, Illinois.

HIGH School. No Classes. Interesting spare-time home study; standard text; credit for previous schooling; diploma awarded. If you've completed 8th grade and are over 17, write for free catalog. Wayne School, Cat. HGX-3, 2527 Sheffield, Chicago 14.

MAKE Building A Career—If you have anything to do with Real Estate, Own, Buy or build, get 90% of Building Construction Knowledge with our—"Around The Clock"—Estimating & Blueprint Reading System—The Latest, Newest, Easiest, Fastest and most Accurate System. Only $6.98. Building Construction College, P.O. Box 843, Miami 5, Florida.

WANT Share in booming $6 Billion business? 40,000,000 auto accidents—365,000 home fires—$100 Million in theft losses need Claim Investigation. Excellent full or spare time opportunities. A. J. King earned over $2,000 in ten weeks. Free book. No obligation. Universal Schools, 6801-Q Hillcrest, Dallas 5, Texas.

HIGH School at Home. You can still finish High School—at home, in your spare time. No interference with job, or social life. Win more pay, a better job, social recognition. Take only the subjects you need. Complete lesson and answer service. Personalized instruction. Low cost. Diploma to graduates. I.C.S. is oldest and largest (277 courses). Write today for 3 free books: (1) 36-page "How to Succeed," (2) sample lesson (Math), (3) Career Catalog —indicates course desired. International Correspondence Schools, Scranton 9, Penna., Dept. 39654K.

LEARN Mineralogy at home. Diploma course. Fortunes now being made in uranium and other minerals. Free catalog. Mineral Science Institute, Desk D, 159 East Ontario, Chicago 11, Illinois.

PROFESSIONAL AND VOCATIONAL

CAN I At My Age Become A Hotel Hostess or Executive Even Though I Have Had No Previous Hotel Experience? Would you like to step into a well-paid position as Hotel or Club Manager, Purchasing Agent, Social Director or Assistant Manager, etc.? The success of Lewis graduates from 20 to 50 proves you can. Mary Benson writes: "I answered a Lewis ad and enrolled for the course. Soon I was Hostess-Housekeeper of a fine Inn." Our Free Book explains how you qualify for a well-paid position at home or through resident classes in Washington; how you are registered Free in Lewis National Placement Service. Write today. Course Approved for All Veteran Training. Lewis Hotel Training School, Desk BS-1124, Washington 7, D. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEY CALLED IT JUSTICE

by WILL BERNARD

ON THE OUTSKIRTS of a small town in Maine, a "thrifty" Frenchman opened a roadhouse, and his excellent cooking brought him speedy success. Only one thing marred his happiness. Late each afternoon, an old gentleman would amble around to the back of the roadhouse, and blissfully breathe in the aromas wafted from the kitchen. Yet he never spent a dime inside.

Finally, the exasperated Frenchman hailed the old man into court and demanded damages. After the judge heard the complaint, he told the defendant, "Give me all the change you have in your pocket."

The old man handed up a dozen or so assorted coins. Solemnly, the judge cupped his hands and gave the coins a vigorous shaking. Then he handed them back again.

"And now," said the judge to the Frenchman, "he's smelled your cooking and you've listened to his money. That's about as near as I can come to a square deal. Case dismissed."

A St. Louis fortune teller suffered assorted injuries in a train wreck and sued the railroad for $3,000. After she told her story in court, the company's attorney stepped forward to cross-examine her.

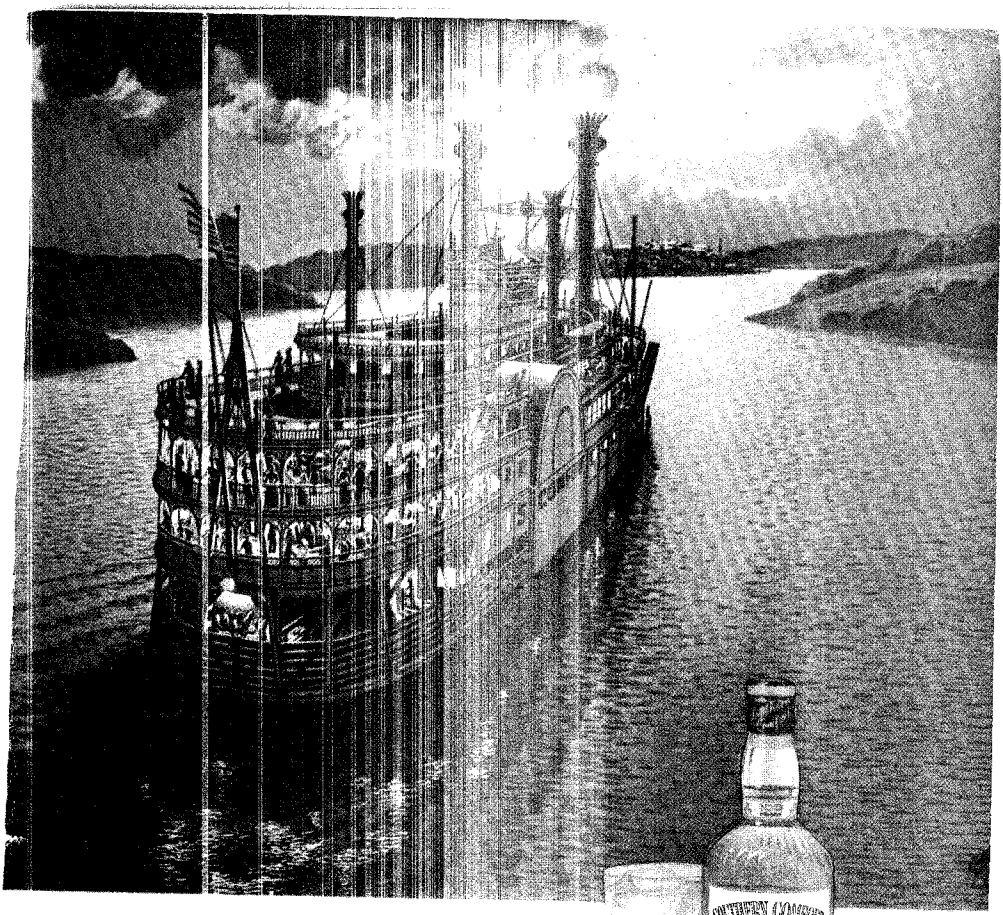
"Madam," he began politely, "may I inquire how you arrive at the figure of $3,000?"

"Well," she explained, "I had to pay out $500 in doctor bills, and I lost the other $2,500 because I couldn't keep up my profession."

The lawyer rubbed his chin for a moment. Then he smiled. "Madam, we will cheerfully pay you the $500 you spent on doctor bills. As for the rest—naturally, if you can *not* see into the future, your services would have no value. But if you really and truly *can,* would you answer one question: Why in heaven's name did you get on a train that was *going* to have a wreck?"

The woman dropped her claim.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It's my pleasure . . .

. . . as he introduced his guests to a rare and delightful liquor from old New Orleans. He *enjoyed* the adventure of bringing this new-found pleasure to his friends. And so will you. Southern Comfort is one liquor you don't have to "learn" to like. It's so smooth and delicious you just *naturally* enjoy it!

Available in Canada too!

try a **bottle tonight . . .**
and share this adventure in pleasure with your friends!

The finest taste of the Old South lives on in **SOUTHERN COMFORT®**

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORP., 100 PROOF LIQUEUR, ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

IN HIGHBALLS, COCKTAILS, OR ON-THE-ROCKS...MAKES DRINKING A REAL PLEASURE!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SALEM
refreshes your taste

Take a puff, it's Springtime!

That's how you feel . . . for new Salem refreshes your taste . . . fresh as Springtime itself! A delightful new experience in smoking. Try SALEM!

Created by
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED